

In this Number
THE PAULIST FATHERS

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The ARENA

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 Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."
 — Helms.

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No. 4.

KATE FIELD

Frontispiece Portrait

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By RUTH EVERETT

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BOOKS OF THE MONTH

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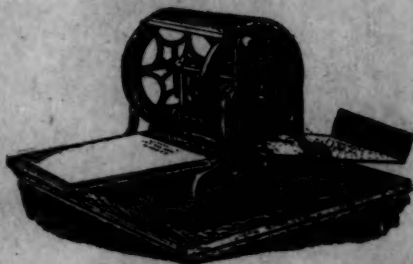
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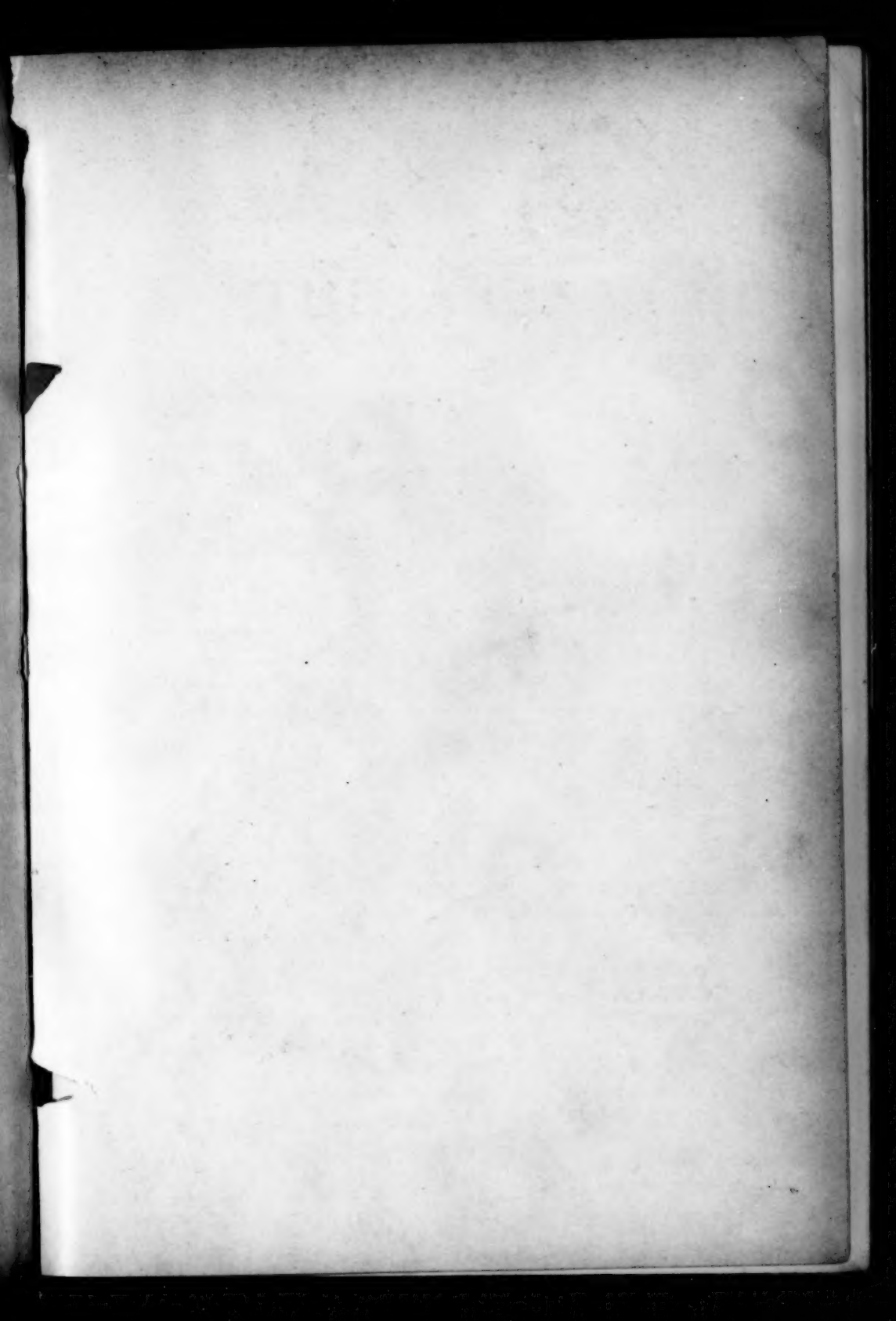
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THE ARENA

VOL. XXI.

APRIL, 1899.

No. 4.

THE PAULIST FATHERS AND THEIR WORK.

IN recent years no subject has aroused greater attention among conscientious, zealous partizans of the Catholic Church in Europe and America than the charge that the work of the late Father Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulist Fathers, and his followers, was aimed at the "Americanization" of the Catholic Church. Is this charge confirmed by the non-Catholic missions of the Paulists? To answer this question, and give the non-Catholic reader anything like a correct idea of the work of the Paulist Fathers, and the charges made against them and their methods by the conservative Catholics of Europe, a brief review of the life of Father Hecker is necessary.

It will be easily seen how the early struggles of Isaac T. Hecker to adopt a religion that should satisfy his soul, defined his course after he entered the Catholic Church. The serious problems of life engaged his early attention. At the age of fifteen he addressed political meetings in the interest of the laborer. In the true sense of the term, Father Hecker was never a student, nor did he ever deserve the title of learned; but, from his early youth, until he settled upon Catholicism, he tested and set aside as unsatisfactory, as not the means by which he could accomplish the greatest amount of good in the world, almost every sect in the Protestant Church; he investigated Mormonism also. He was the soul of sincerity in his search after truth. His mother, of whom

he was most fond, was a Methodist, and never became a Catholic ; but this belief did not satisfy Isaac. He practised strict self-control, reducing the amount of his food to such a narrow limit that he, no doubt, injured his health ; perhaps sowed the seed that clouded his mental faculties, and caused him the most excruciating physical pain from time to time, during the last sixteen years of his life. But he found satisfaction neither in rigorous self-denial, nor in works of charity, fearing that vanity lay hidden in both.

The fact that so many of the most devout Catholics have been recruited from the Protestant Church seems to indicate that, for the zealous follower of Christ, the Catholic Church is the more satisfactory. Mother Seton, founder of the Sisters of Charity, was born and brought up a Protestant. In the labors of the church in which her youth and early womanhood were passed, she was an indefatigable worker. Her self-immolating soul was not content ; she became a Catholic, and was the first Mother Superior of the Sisters of Charity. Mother Mabel Digby, Mother General of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, who is now on a visit to the United States, is a convert ; Cardinals Manning and Newman were both converts. Father Hecker and the three other priests, Augustine F. Hewit, George Deshon, and Francis A. Baker, who first drew up and signed a program of rules for the congregation of missionary priests of St. Paul the Apostle, commonly called the Paulist Fathers, were all converts.

Father Hecker was an American, born in New York City, December 18, 1819. He was patriotic, proud of his native land. His first efforts to do good were attempts to purify politics. After many unhappy years of search, he had at last found peace in the Catholic Church. What was more natural than the desire thus to bless every anxious soul in the United States ? Both his faith and his patriotism were expressed in the sentence, — "America for Christ and his Holy Church." So firmly ingrained in the spiritual nature of the new priest were these wishes, that they were the cause of his leaving the Redemptorist Order, with which he was first associated.

The priests of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer (the Redemptorists), like most all orders of the priesthood, take vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty. The American branch of the Redemptorists were, at the time Father Hecker was associated with them, and are still, directed by men of German extraction. Father Hecker wished to found a new house which should be the headquarters of the English-speaking fathers, where English was spoken in their home life, hoping thereby to make the place attractive to American novices who would one day be sent forth to do missionary work among non-Catholics. Fathers Walworth, Hewit, and Deshon approved of this plan; but the German fathers were opposed to it. Nevertheless, Bishop Bayley and Archbishop Hughes separately made application for such a foundation, which was refused by the superiors here and in Rome. The fathers who had espoused the English-speaking cause decided to send Father Hecker on a visit to the superior-general to plead their cause. His superiors decided that in this visit he had broken the vows of obedience and poverty. Father Hecker had borrowed the money with which to make the journey, and he had appeared before the superior-general without having first gained permission; both of these acts were decided to be against the rules of the order, and Father Hecker was expelled August 29, 1857. He was stunned and grieved, but he did not forsake his purpose to found a work that "would embody in its life what is good in the American people in the natural order, and adapt itself to the great wants of our people in the spiritual order." Permission to do this was granted on March 6, 1858. Father Hecker outlined his new society in the following words:

"So far as is compatible with faith and piety, I am for accepting the American civilization, with its usages and customs; leaving aside other reasons, it is the only way by which catholicity can become the religion of our people. The character and spirit of our people must find themselves at home in our church in the way those of other nations have done; and it is on this basis alone that the Catholic religion can make progress in our country.

"The form of government of the United States is preferable to Catholics above other forms. It is more favorable than others to the practice of those virtues which are the necessary conditions of the development of the religious life in man. The government leaves men a larger margin for liberty of action, and hence for co-operation with guidance of the Holy Spirit, than any other government under the sun. With these popular institutions, men enjoy greater liberty in working out their true destiny. The Catholic Church will therefore flourish all the more in this republican country in proportion as her representatives keep, in their civil life, to the lines of their republicanism."

The Paulist Fathers are American by three titles. First: It is the only religious institute of clerics in the United States that is of American origin, the only order founded in this country. Second: All its first members are natives. Third: Its primary vocation is apostolic labor for the conversion of non-Catholics in this republic.

This is how and why the Paulist Fathers came to be.

The so-called "Americanizing" of the Catholic Church in the United States, which the conservative Catholics of Europe profess to believe "one of the greatest dangers that menaces the Church," did not consist in any attempt by the Paulist Fathers to abate one jot or tittle of any of the dogmas of the church. It is true that the Paulist priest takes no vow, but the founders of the order did not dream that they were thus casting away a single incentive to virtue. On the contrary, the aspirations of the Paulist are: first, personal perfection, which is the vital principle of all religious communities; and, second, zeal for souls, to labor for the conversion of the country to the Catholic faith by apostolic work. In his zeal and enthusiasm the Paulist Father considers that he will be held responsible on the judgment day for the soul of every person in his parish. The appreciation that Father Hecker had of the apostolic vocation of the order was expressed in these words:

"I do not think that the principal characteristics of our Fathers and of our life should be poverty, or obedience,

or any other special and secondary virtue, but zeal for apostolic works. Our vocation is apostolic ; conversions of souls to the faith, of sinners to repentance, giving missions, defense of the Christian religion by conferences, lectures, sermons, the pen, the press, and the like works ; and, in the interior, to propagate in men a higher and more spiritual life."

In such things as these did their lapse from the conservative consist. Every legitimate means that will bring them an audience of non-Catholics is made to serve the good cause. They believe largely in printers' ink. The best form in which they can use it, is deemed the voluntary support which the press, in the country through which they are passing, gives them. The priest may reach five hundred or a thousand with his voice, but the morning's paper carries his remarks to ten or twenty thousand. They also advertise their meetings, cover the walls with posters, and distribute hand bills generously. They believe in street preaching, nor do they despise a good "roasting" from the Protestant minister. If they chance to receive it, they say that some of the fair-minded in the dominie's congregation are sure to come to hear what "the other side" has to say. At these non-Catholic missions the Paulist Father makes use of no controversy or abuse. He has no harsh word in his lexicon for the Protestant, who is only his "separated brother," having by birth the same right to heirship in Christ's kingdom that the most earnest Catholic has. He has strayed from the fold, and it is the mission of the Paulist Father to win him back. To this end the Paulist Fathers have established in many parts of the United States non-Catholic missions, that is, missions for the conversions of Protestants, and all others who are not already Catholics.

At these meetings the subjects are chosen from the main points of doctrinal difference. The priests are always willing to answer any question their audiences may ask. A question-box is put at the door, into which any one may drop such questions as he desires instruction upon. The fathers say that the questions are seldom frivolous, being generally upon such subjects as the confession, the sale of indulgences, why

priests do not marry, Romanism and our public schools, the Catholic Church and the inquisition; to each one of which a sincere, reasonable answer is made. At close of the meetings, the fathers usually ask those who feel kindly toward them to come up and shake hands. Many do so. They are always glad to know that a Protestant minister is in the congregation. After one of these missions had been held for several days in one place, and the fathers knew that a Protestant minister had often been a listener, this minister came forward and shook hands with the priest, volunteering the statement that he found very little in the sermon to which he could not subscribe. The fathers distribute tracts and leaflets at these meetings, which they say are not alone read by those to whom they are given, but are passed along to some of their friends.

In the early days of the church, the apostles preached in the temples of the heathen, thus meeting them half way. The gilt eagle now seen in the Protestant Episcopal churches, was formerly a symbol of Jupiter, that ornamented the ancient Roman temples. The apostles reasoned that this brass image could not do the cause of Christ any harm, and that forcing their listeners to banish this token of their former idolatry, would more than likely give cause of offense, on account of which many would stay away from the preaching; since one must get a man's ear before one can reach his heart and brain.

Following the same line of reasoning, the Paulist Fathers make use of the village schoolhouse and the town hall, even in preference to a Catholic church. They are particularly anxious to reach non-Catholics, and the latter naturally feel more at home in the schoolhouse or town hall, than in a strange church. In these services, congregational singing is also encouraged, and such familiar songs as "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul" are sung.

From the beginning, the Paulist Fathers earnestly took up this work of preaching. When only three could be spared, these three priests traveled through Canada and the United

States; and from 1858 to 1865, when the death of one of them temporarily suspended their work, they had preached in eighty-one missions, delivered uncounted lectures and special sermons, and received into the church hundreds and hundreds of converts. From 1870 to the present time, they have given nearly one thousand missions: they have carried on unrelenting warfare against the drink habit and the custom of treating in saloons. To them is also attributed the organization of the "Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America." Missionaries to preach the faith to non-Catholics have been set at work by the bishops of the dioceses of New York, Grand Rapids, Baltimore, Wilmington, Charleston, Brooklyn, Richmond, Wheeling, Kansas City, Dallas, Galveston, San Francisco, North Carolina, Pittsburg, and Cleveland.

Thus far the Paulist Fathers have not been able to find time for much street preaching. But it is probable that in the near future a great work in that line will be organized by them. Father Walter Elliott, a Paulist missionary, said:

"I arrived at one of the cities in which we were to give a non-Catholic mission one Saturday afternoon. I walked through the main street of the town, and at the busiest corner found the Salvation Army at work. A big bass drum, two or three tambourines, and a cornet which seemed to lack a musician, was the martial music of the little squad. There were about eight of them, men and women, all joining in the songs and clapping hands, all looking happy. But what they said while I was listening was trivial, and what they sang was not well sung. Their leader's accent was cockney, and their whole demeanor was English, though doubtless nearly all had been recruited in America. But, I said to myself, if these religious curiosities are able to catch and hold the street people, how much better should the true soldiers of the cross succeed. The Salvationist movement is almost a total failure in the smaller towns. But it is entitled to this success: it should cause some of the bishops and priests to open an out-of-door apostolate.

"This country has now a street population of great size. These souls can be effectually reached only where they spend their leisure—in the streets and squares of the cities.

If a bishop and one or two able priests would start street preaching, assisted it might be by one or two competent men and women of the laity, the results would be marvelous. Some of us little dream that there is a distinct class of street people, grown in the late years to many thousands, in the great centers of population. They live on the street as much as the climate will allow. They read their penny papers on the streets. They are taught by their petty leaders on the streets; the street is a roomier place, a freer place, and just as clean a place as where they are supposed to live, but where they only sleep. When the Catholic Church takes to the streets with its representatives high and low, it will reach these street people, and not before. They are not all bad; many are fairly instructed Catholics, and these would secure a respectful hearing from the others, but that is certain anyway. And meantime our highly educated and zealous priesthood would not only save multitudes of perishing souls, but revolutionize for good, that class which at present is often a menace to public order, and is addressed on religious topics exclusively by men and women who play soldier and beat bass drums."

Would this advice that is given by Father Elliott be deemed one of the features of that "Americanizing" of the Catholic Church that is considered by Charles Maignen, author of "*Le Père Hecker, est-il un Saint?*" as "one of the greatest dangers that menaces the church"?

If so, will Père Maignen also condemn the saviour of men that he preached his greatest sermon on a mount—probably garbed in the coarse raiment of a Galilean peasant, stained with the dust of travel, instead of going to a temple and donning the costly robes of a priest? Who can doubt that those who listened to Jesus comprised a mixed multitude, the greater portion of whom came to hear him simply out of idle curiosity, but many of whom it is hoped went away with hearts warmed by the purity and beauty of his teachings? Did not Jesus himself go one step farther, more nearly approach the dangerous borderland of sensationalism, when he wrought the miracle with the loaves and fishes, through his compassion for the tired, hungry multitude who had listened to his words?

That the Catholic Church is growing in the United States beyond what can be accounted for by birth, or the arrival of emigrants from Catholic countries, is a fact established by statistics; that the Paulist Fathers have done more than their share of bringing these converts into the church is another fact that can be established in the same way.

"On connaît beaucoup moins les paulistes en Amérique qu'on ne croit les connaître en France depuis la publication de la Vie du P. Hecker."* It must be confessed that "The Life of Father Hecker" created a great sensation in France, and brought the Paulist Fathers and their work to the attention of thousands of people who would otherwise have known little or nothing about these missionary priests of the United States. There are no statistics upon which to base an intelligent opinion as to the extent to which the work of the Paulists is known in France; but if the assertion made by Père Maignen be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, the Paulist Fathers and their work must be very well known in France; for there is not a shadow of doubt that, considering the fact that the order was founded in 1858 by four men, the Paulists are best known of any order of the Roman Catholic, or any other clergy, in the United States. This familiarity with the work of the Paulists by the general public in the United States is due to several causes, but it is probable that their most powerful ally is the press, which has, no doubt, from a spirit of Americanism, approved of, and endorsed them. This includes editors and writers who would not blush when pleading guilty to the impeachment of being "*Yankees dégagés des institutions incidentelles du passé*."†

In conclusion, what has been accomplished by the Paulist Fathers during their short existence as an order? Their crusade against intemperance has been briefly touched upon, also their missionary work. The corner-stone of their present headquarters at Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York City, was laid by the late Archbishop Hughes,

* "*Le Père Hecker, est-il un Saint?*" p. 73. † *Ibid.*, p. 85.

Trinity Sunday, June 19, 1859. The house was completed and blessed November 24 of the same year, and the chapel was dedicated the following Sunday. The Paulists were then constitutionally and materially established. That part of the city was then a mere suburban wilderness, and Father Hecker called his territory "Shantyopolis." The most eloquent and learned of the Paulist Fathers were put forward to preach the sermon on Sunday at high mass; and these priests were commanded to make careful preparation for this sermon. The result was, that crowds of Catholic and Protestants were drawn out to this service. They introduced the Gregorian chant; they have trained choirs of boys and men; and also encourage congregational singing. Their church was noted for rubrical exactness in ceremonies, and for the splendor of its decorations on the occasions of great feasts.

The Paulist Fathers started "The Catholic World" in April, 1865. This publication is universally acknowledged to be one of great literary merit, as well as an influential representative of Catholic doctrine and rights before the American people. The next year, the Catholic Publication Society was organized. It struggled along for a time, then the work was discontinued; but out of its ruins the "Catholic Book Exchange" was started, which is now issuing tracts, pamphlets, and books on a purely missionary basis. The Exchange founded "The Young Catholic," an illustrated bi-weekly for children, in 1870. In 1892 a publishing department of their own was inaugurated, through which are now issued all the publications mentioned above; also "The Missionary," a sixteen-page illustrated quarterly, which was started in March, 1896.

The members of "The Catholic Missionary Union" are pledged to the support of non-Catholic missions. Five hundred dollars will support a missionary priest for a year, one hundred dollars will supply him with missionary literature, twenty-five dollars will pay the expense of a week's mission, and ten dollars will rent a hall. The magnitude of the task undertaken by the Paulist Fathers, suggested by the sen-

tence, "America for Christ and his Holy Church," can be appreciated when it is known that there are only thirty-five of the fathers, while the non-Catholics in the United States, not to mention British America, number about fifty-eight millions. But they are applying themselves with a single-minded devotedness, and are marching forward. When one considers their small number, the work they have accomplished seems little short of a miracle. The appreciation of their labors has materialized in good United States gold coin, or they never could have achieved one-tenth of what they have done. They have found friends and supporters in high places, and have been, and are, appreciated for their talents, their zeal, and last, but by no means least, for their patriotism, their "Americanism."

Father Francis B. Doherty, a member of the Congregation of Saint Paul, in San Francisco, was the priest chosen by our government to go to the Philippines. Father Doherty proved to be a good adviser, earning the thanks of those in authority; he was attacked with a mild form of the fever, and, as his mission was ended, he was advised to return to the United States and recruit his health, an intimation being given him that he had proved his abilities for the field, and that our government would most likely be glad to secure his services in our new possessions in the near future.

No more patriotic sermons came from any of the pulpits in the United States during the fever heat of patriotism that moved the nation in the late war with Spain than those that were spoken in the churches of the Paulist Fathers. If there were any lukewarm Americans, they were not members of the Congregation of St. Paul.

Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulists, was a man of whom it might truly be said, as of the young man spoken of in the scriptures, in relation to his obedience to the commandments of God — "all these have I kept from my youth up."

The injustice of any remark that would indicate that his faith wavered, as death drew near, would seem so apparent as

not to need a denial. Had he completely repudiated his faith, and the course which he had pursued during his life,— he endorsed both by the last act of his life, which was to raise his hand and murmur a blessing on the little community of men he was leaving behind him to carry on his work — rash indeed would be that man who should dare to condemn him. At the age of fifty-three, Father Hecker's health gave way, his brain was more or less affected, his physician ordered him to go abroad, and thus, separated from his work, get a complete change and rest. He suffered for sixteen years before he died, many times the most severe physical pain, and during all that time he was never unconditionally sound in mind. Surely if, during this time, his shattered brain, that tired so easily, and could not grasp a complex thought, found at once rest and occupation in a return to mending clocks, the occupation of his boyhood, what was there in that to detract from the holiness of his life, or his eligibility to the title of a saint ?

All the trouble about the Paulist Fathers is of political origin, and shows the jealousy felt by the conservative Catholic clergy of Europe — who depend upon the government for their salaries — concerning the American priests who — there being no union of church and state among us — depend upon the generosity of their parishioners. These timid ecclesiastics in Europe scan with a microscope the utterances and writings of the American priest, in search of heresies. They profess to have discovered a mare's nest of this kind in the writings of Father Hecker, on the subject of faith.

The prosperity of the church in the United States, the manly independence of the priests, has made the priests (in Europe) green with envy. They could not, of course, come right out and say, "we do not want you to accomplish things in that new Protestant country, that we cannot accomplish in our old Catholic country ; you are nothing but babies ; you should let us show you what to do." It would be a piece of work which they are ashamed to father : so they make use of a subterfuge and try to get Rome to do it for them, by trumping

up a cry of "Americanism," which they pretend to believe is doomed to send the Church of Rome to destruction.

Our war with Spain fanned the fears of the European priests. They now know that all the priests in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, should these countries become colonies of the United States, will get no money from the government. The Spanish priests will have the *privilege* of returning to Spain. If they remain under our government, they must work for bread and butter, as all good, honest Americans are proud and glad to work.

The spiritual side of the Church of Rome, its dogmas, are of course its first care; next to this, the financial and political interests are looked out for. The dignitaries of the church are advanced in recognition of their various talents. Some of the priests devote themselves exclusively to theology, watching carefully that no heresies are preached, others watch the educational publications — school books — and yet others betake themselves to politics, to see that the lawmakers are just to Catholic-American citizens.

Archbishop Ireland is a born politician. The Paulist Fathers in their temperance crusade and other matters, received the Archbishop's hearty endorsement and friendship. An archbishop must visit Rome every ten years. It happens that this visit of the Archbishop falls upon a time when he can tell his side of the story to the Holy Father. He has evidently got his innings, for the Pope has already indicated his approval of this so-called "Americanism."

No intelligent American Catholic wishes a union of church and state, for it is more than evident that they are better off as they are. Nor do they wish a division of the public-school money. They recognize that they have not only been treated justly, but that generosity has been shown them by the Protestant majority; their orphan asylums, homes for the aged, reformatories, and other institutions receiving a full and generous share of the public money. Although many of them are foreign born, they are loyal American citizens, and they would resent an insult to the land of their adoption, as quick as they would one to their faith.

The Abbé Maignen's book, "*Le Père Hecker est-il un Saint?*" is resented by Catholics as a deliberate insult to our country; an insult made pertinent by the attitude of France towards us during the Spanish-American war.

It is evident, however, that Père Maignen will obtain little or no hearing for his attempt to teach the American Catholic his duty to his country, or to the Holy See.

RUTH EVERETT.

New York.

EDITOR'S NOTE. Since the above article was written, an encyclical addressed by the Pope to the American bishops has been published. In this document, referring to the controversies that have arisen over Father Hecker's book, the Pope carefully distinguishes between the doctrinal aspects of the new theories and the questions of practical discipline. He strongly urges the impossibility of any change in the former, while admitting that the necessity has always been recognized and acted upon by the church, of adapting certain points of discipline to the requirements of the times. It rests with the church, however, and not with individuals, to determine how and when any such adaptations can be made.

The Pope is careful to say that he by no means repudiates all true progress of modern thought and civilization, which he welcomes as conducive to human prosperity, but for it to be really useful it must not lose sight of the authority and the teachings of the church.

He reminds Americans of what they owe to the religious orders, both active and contemplative, and concludes by saying that, if by "Americanism" is meant the peculiarity of laws, customs and characteristics that are found in America, as in every nation, he does not see any reason against its expression; but if by the word is meant the errors he condemns in his letter, he is convinced that the American Episcopate will reject the term as injurious to themselves and the whole nation, "for it would be a bad conclusion that the church in America was different from what it is in other countries." The correspondent in Rome of the London "Times" writes that the Pope's letter is generally regarded as a qualified condemnation of Father Hecker's doctrines. It is evident, from the tone of the encyclical, that the influences brought to bear upon the Pope, throughout his consideration of this important question, have been those which for historical, philosophical, and political reasons are necessarily most opposed to the spirit of the American Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, from which Father Hecker drew much of his inspiration. Nevertheless, it would be erroneous to suppose that the letter condemns, or even directly affects, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, or the other enlightened prelates who have so largely contributed to the spread of Catholicism. This being the case, it is clear that the letter strengthens rather than weakens the position of the American prelates whom the twelve months' intrigue of French and Italian ecclesiastics was intended to overthrow.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

A SYMPOSIUM.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—With the extension of the American system over Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, and the consequent addition of nearly ten millions of people of the colored races to our population, the negro problem, with which we have been wrestling almost from the beginning of our national existence, rises to commanding importance. The alleged failure to solve this problem in our own southern states is urged by many as an argument against the policy of expansion. Most opportunely for the anti-expansionists, the recent riots in North Carolina and South Carolina have focused attention freshly on the difficulties and dangers arising out of the clash between whites and blacks incident to our present treatment of this problem. The south has long since fully and finally adjusted itself to the abolition of chattel slavery; but to the political enfranchisement of the negro the white population is now, after more than thirty years' experience, as emphatically and violently opposed as ever. It is well that the question should be brought up and examined calmly and reasonably, putting aside the prejudice and passion which heretofore have unfortunately played too large a part in the attempt at its adjustment. Yet, through these very experiences in attempted solutions of the negro problem, the Indian problem, and the Chinese problem, we are coming into new, vivid, and intense realization of a larger problem. As through fire and blood, poverty and struggle, the whilom slave owners of the south have come into broader understanding of the evils of slavery and the blessings of freedom for white and black alike, so this dominant Anglo-Celtic race of ours is preparing for its grand mission of human enlightenment and redemption. We are slowly learning the soldier's first lesson, that "he who would command must first learn to obey." We are finding out that the foes most formidable to our peace, security, and happiness are those of our own household still to be conquered—the lust of power, lust of possession, lust of gold, the lust of the flesh. We are learning that no question is settled until it is settled rightly; that Right after all makes Might, and that the only weapons that are "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds" are spiritual, not carnal.

The race problem is, indeed, solving itself in just such demonstrations of the fallacy and injustice of race and color distinction as are afforded by the scholarly and thoughtful articles contributed by colored men to the present symposium. It can only be solved, it seems to me, by leaving the question of color entirely out of account, and so according to the negro his place as a man, in politics, industry, the trades and professions. He should be judged in America surely, as he is judged in England and France, i. e., as having neither more nor less right than a white man to recognition, social or political. Character, rather than color, should be the criterion.

In the opening article of the series, Bishop Holly gives us some hint of an element in the negro character new to most readers, perhaps, but immensely suggestive in its importance. Enjoying the privilege of this writer's friendship, and knowing him to be a prelate endowed with intellectual and spiritual gifts of the highest order, knowing also his rare psychic development, I feel that what he says as to the negro's spiritual side and spiritual mission deserves thoughtful attention.

Prof. W. H. Council, Ph.D., who contributes the second article, is also one who in his chosen field as an educator asks no consideration on account of his color, but, standing on his character and achievement, will bear comparison with scholars of any color. For many years he has been president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Normal, Ala., an institution in which his breadth of mind, thorough training, and distinct executive ability have wrought results of lasting and widespread good to his race and to humanity.

Mr. J. Montgomery McGovern, the writer of the third article, although not a southerner by birth, is a New York journalist who has lived many years in Georgia, in daily contact with the negroes of that section, having in fact been engaged as a teacher in colored schools, and worked among the negroes for years in various southern states. His views are the results of experience and unprejudiced observation, and therefore valuable. Less sympathetic, perhaps, with the aspirations and convictions of the more thoughtful of the negro leaders,—but not less sincere and earnest—are the views of Mr. McCurley, who, after thirty years' residence in the south in close association with the negro, and, writing from the perspective in time and distance of several years lived in the north, starts with the premise that the negro is, and must ever be, hopelessly inferior to the white.

Booker T. Washington, whose paper closes the discussion, was pronounced the most eloquent speaker, black or white, in America, the day after the oration at the Chicago peace jubilee, where he followed such orators as President McKinley, Archbishop Ireland, and Senator Mason. More than orator, he is the creator and working head of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, an educational experiment which in results already actualized has aroused the attention of thoughtful educators the country over, furnishing lessons which the whole country must profit by, if the product of the average high school and college is not to fall below the Tuskegee standard in its training of young men and women for practical work in the world.—EDITOR OF THE ARENA.

I. THE ORIGIN OF RACE ANTAGONISM.

THE last important massacre of negroes in North and South Carolina, began the latest of a series of massacres in the southern states which, with the emancipation of the slaves, and the recent uprising of the Chippewas

in the northwest, together with the colonial conglomeration of other undeveloped races in the islands of the Pacific, under the supremacy of the American Union, have given rise in many minds to the question how the problem of the antagonism of various races dwelling together under the same government can be satisfactorily solved.

This question is not one that has come upon the tapis in our days. It goes back to the dispersion of the human race from the plains of Shinar, when

God drove asunder and assigned to each its lot.
Ample was the boon he gave to all ;
And bade them dwell in peace.

This fact an inspired apostle, standing in the Acropolis of Athens and addressing the Areopagi of Greece, beautifully set forth by declaring that God "hath made of one blood all the nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth ; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation ; for the purpose that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, though he is not far from every one of us : for in him we live, and move, and have our being : as certain of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring."

To the same effect, the great Hebrew legislator had said, fifteen centuries previously : "When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel. For the Lord's portion is his people ; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance."

The sum of all this inspired teaching is to the effect that there should be no autocratic master or universal ruler of the nations of the earth, but only our Father. But as an enemy to God and man intruded into Eden and broke up the domestic happiness of the first human family, so there has been an enemy who has broken up the social, moral, and religious happiness of the nations.

A noted politician of the third French Republic, in seeking

to identify this disturber of the peace of nations, has said: "*l'ennemi, c'est cléricalisme.*" This expression is proof that he was on the right track of the enemy; but he had only discovered one-third of the truth respecting the character of that enemy. The enemy that has blasted the happiness of nations and debased the multitudinous peoples of the earth is Imperialism, a triple-headed Cerberus, which has a political and a financial head, as well as a clerical one.

Nimrod, a Cushite negro, was the head of political imperialism; and all the would-be world conquerors down to Napoleon are his lineal successors. The universal religious supremacy of the papacy is the head of clerical imperialism, that cropped up on the ruins of the fourth so-called universal empire. The head of financial imperialism emerged to view with the colonial system adopted by the nations of Europe, after the discovery of the new world.

Political imperialism frustrated the gracious designs of Almighty God to bless all the nations of the earth, by the promise made to Abraham during a period of nineteen hundred years, reaching to the divine mission of Christ.

Clerical and financial imperialism have succeeded in paralyzing the glorious promises of the gospel. The apostasy of Judaism helped political imperialism in its nefarious work; and a similar apostasy of ecclesiastical Christianity has powerfully aided the infamous designs of clerical and financial imperialism. Hence, our savorless ecclesiasticism can do nothing, through its manifold divisions and sectarian rivalry, to solve the race problem. Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, has recently borne unequivocal testimony to this effect in an address to his diocesan conference, discussing the present religious outlook of the world.

The political and financial outlook of the world is still more dismal and hopeless. Colonel Ingersoll, the distinguished atheistic philanthropist (the Voltaire of the nineteenth century, and prophet-forerunner of a cataclysm far more dreadful and universal than that which broke out at the end of the eighteenth century), has clearly shown that the public policy

pursued by the nations of Christendom is that of refined cannibalism, and more destructive of the human race than that of the savage tribes. Mr. Dawson confirms this view of the social outlook in a recent book on man-eating.

It is said, that if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar. In like manner, if you remove the thin veneering of so-called Christian and civilized nations, you will find under it a horde of savages glorying in the wholesale assassination of human beings by armies and navies, armed with the most murderous weapons of sanguinary warfare. Hence such nations are absolutely incapable of solving the problem of the antagonism of races, so as to establish peace among them, except by the utter extermination of the weaker by the stronger bestial race! Therefore, it is the merest madness and folly to think that the United States,—run as they are by politicians of the worst type, who themselves are but the tools of great soulless financial corporations used to corrupt the legislative, executive, and judicial fountains of government,—ever can solve the problem of the antagonistic races gathered under the American banner, except by the stronger brute-force of wholesale assassination.

But is there to be no adequate solution of this problem? And if there is to be, when and where shall we look for it? Yes, there is to be a triumphant solution of this race problem which shall be in every way satisfactory. It will be through the shock of the most awful social cataclysm that has ever taken place on this earth. This is the dark cloud of pessimism. But the golden-tinted auras of the kingdom of God are just behind that black cloud. This is optimism. The one depends upon the other, in working out the regeneration of our race. The night precedes the morning in the genesis of creation. The prophet in his lonely watch-tower proclaims the coming of the night as well as the approach of the morning of regeneration.

This hydra-headed imperialism, which has tyrannized over the destinies of humanity, has a period assigned to its infamous sway; known in scripture as the time of the Gentiles. The

period covered by those "Gentile times" touches at its end. The divine power of Almighty God to crush out this hideous anti-christianism is now making itself felt by the muffled steps of the approaching "thief in the night." This silent tread of the footfalls of the Almighty Deliverer are heard all around us in occult psychological power now being developed everywhere among those who march in the vanguard of the human race. By the continual influx of this power from above, the hyena traits of the organized murderers of humanity will be eliminated; and then high-placed politicians (I will not call them statesmen), like Lord Salisbury, will no longer look upon the brutal fact that the stronger nations, like birds of prey, must, as a matter of course, fatten upon the carcasses of decaying nationalities.

Under such a benign influence descending from above, and in this way only, will the problem of race antagonism be satisfactorily and definitely solved. Each and every nation and people will then be directly under the government of the Lord and his Christ.

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II. IS THERE A NEGRO PROBLEM?

Public speakers, newspaper and magazine writers are constantly telling us about a negro problem, which, they say, is to be solved by the people of this country, especially by the negroes. The precise nature of this problem cannot be ascertained from these speeches and writings. Sometimes we are told that a certain school or religious denomination is solving the problem, or that the negroes in a certain locality are buying lands, adorning their homes, and thus settling the question.

Does this mean that the capacity of the negro for education and citizenship is problematical? The negro fought in three wars for the flag of the Union. This gives ample evidence of patriotism and citizenship. Many masterly produc-

tions in prose, poetry, science, and history have solved the question, so far as his capacity for learning is concerned.

Is the negro's religious sense on trial? Of all the races which have come within touch of Christianity, the negro has most readily accepted it. The negro nature fits into Christianity as the nature of no other race does. The Christianity of Jesus Christ is purely a spiritual, peaceful religion. The negro is spiritual and non-combative. Some day he will give an interpretation to the religion of Jesus of Nazareth which will make the "more favored races" open their eyes to grander things. Appeal to his deep emotion, light up his soul, illumine his ethics by the lamp of reason and learning, and he will snatch from the altars of heaven new firebrands of eternal truth, and fill the world with God's love. He sings in tribulation, he sings in joy as no other race sings, for he is filled with spiritual power which looks far beyond the things of sense to the God of spirit and love.

Is it doubted that the negro can labor? His industrious hands have amassed billions for the white man of the south, and millions for himself. Our eastern white friends have also reaped millions through the labor of the negro. Many of our dearest friends still enjoy a part of the vast wealth which the slave trade, directly and indirectly, brought to New England. Slavery came to the south as an inheritance, or the south was the field of eastern experiments in negro slave-labor, a market for New England capitalists who were in many ways indirectly interested in slavery and in pecuniary sympathy with it. I therefore conclude that of the two sections, so far as the profits accruing from slavery were concerned, New England was a greater sinner than the south. She dealt in slaves and with slavery, dealt in the fruits of human flesh for the profits alone, without sharing the burden of civilizing the negro, while at the south slavery became a burdensome institution. Therefore, let the east continue to send millions to the south for negro education.

The cotton production of the entire south in 1860 was 4,861,292 bales, weighing 461 pounds each, at an average of

11 1-8 cents a pound, in New York. This gave the south \$249,317,436. The south invested in slaves alone \$3,500,000,000. It is thus plainly seen that, basing the south's profits alone on her investment in slaves to produce the cotton, she received about 7 per cent. on her investment; while New England received over 28 per cent. net profit, and New England used only about 1,000,000 bales, one-fourth of the entire crop of 1860, the remainder being exported. In 1860 there were in New England 400 establishments, employing 100,000 white operatives, manufacturing southern cotton, the product of negro slaves, into batting, cordage, yarn, thread, bags, etc. New England had invested in this business \$89,000,000. The raw material and labor cost \$53,000,000. The annual value of the products of these establishments was \$78,000,000, making a profit of \$25,000,000 per annum. It is plain to see that these immense profits were due to the cheap material of slave labor.

The south recognizes in the negro the most available and trustworthy laborer, and the negro recognizes in the south his most favorable field, at present. A few days ago an ex-slave was given the contract for laying the entire brick sewerage system in a southern town of more than ten thousand population. There is no class of work which the negro cannot do. In discussing the availability of negro labor in cotton mills, the *Charleston News and Courier* says: "Colored men are employed now all over the south in mechanical pursuits, as carpenters, masons, wheelwrights, molders, engineers, etc. Colored women are employed as cooks, dress-makers, housemaids; and they do their work well. The finest French cooks at Sherry's, Delmonico's, or the Waldorf, cannot cook rice to compare with that prepared in the Carolina style, by an old-fashioned colored cook." "Why," asks the *News and Courier*, "should a people who are skilled in the use of the needle, who help to build our houses and till our fields, who can play the piano and ride a bicycle, why should such a people not be able to learn to mind the machinery in a cotton mill?" It is quite certain that all this talk about the negro problem cannot refer to negro labor.

Does the negro lack fidelity? There is no truer heart beneath any skin than that which throbs beneath the black skin of the negro; he is true to friends, generous and forgiving to foes. I know of no element in noble human character which is not found in the negro race. Indeed, he has been placed under greater strains of conscience, and taxed more severely in honor and integrity, than any other race known to history. The south was very emphatic in its praises of negro fidelity, in the days when the country was prostrate in civil strife, and its defenseless women and children were committed to the care of the black men of the south. The northern soldier could always trust his life in the hands of a negro man, wherever found. Is there a single case of treachery or infidelity recorded against the negro? He would defend and feed his "ole mistress," committed to his charge; he would hide the cattle, food, and valuables in the hollows or thickets; then pilot the northern army around those hidden goods, safely through the mountains out of danger. There was a struggle between his sense of honor and his desire for freedom. He would rather have remained in bondage to this very hour than violated his sacred honor. Was ever human nature so taxed before? And north and south both praising him! Do the pages of history record greater heroism and fidelity?

He shed the first blood in the war for the independence of the American colonies. Noble Crispus Attucks fell on the spot where, sixty-five years later, the great William Lloyd Garrison, because he pleaded for the freedom of the descendants of Attucks, was mobbed by white men, the children of the white men for whom Attucks laid down his life.

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.

The white race, to the last surviving member, must hide its face in shame when it remembers that mob in Boston in 1831.

The negro refused to follow Nat Turner. He refused to

follow John Brown to the slaughter of innocent and defenseless women and children. But when he had a legal opportunity to strike for liberty, two hundred thousand negroes marched beneath the stars and stripes, to lay down their lives on freedom's altars. Again, I ask, What is the negro problem?

A learned and distinguished divine of the east said to me, some years ago, "We at the north would think better of your race in the south, if you would use the shotgun more."

Is that the negro problem? Are those "puzzled" people waiting to see the negro resort to violence? If that is so, the negro problem will never be solved. The negro loves law and order. He does not use dynamite; he does not defy legal authority, trample down the rights of persons and property, nor fill the air with the red flames of riot and the agonies of death. If this is required to solve the negro problem, to gain the respect of white men, I would rather see all the negroes driven into the Gulf of Mexico, to go down beneath its surging waters, honest, guiltless men.

It is asserted that freedom came to the negro without any effort on his part. This statement has been uttered so often that the men who originated it, begin to believe it themselves. It is true that the negro did not butcher, he did not violate every law of holy religion, and fill the land with the blood and cries of the innocent and defenseless. He could neither be driven nor coaxed into crime. Yet he loved freedom, and sought it. Eliza Harris, with babe in arms, seeking freedom; negroes fleeing before the bloodhounds and shotguns, with the north star as their only friendly guide; negroes undergoing severest hardships and privations, escaping by way of the "Underground Railroad," all attest the love of freedom. But freedom was won only in the Christian way. When the world moves up in the scale of humanity, it will place the wreath of honor upon the negro's black brow for the lessons of peace and love which he has taught mankind.

The sword settles nothing. It can neither free people nor make them great. It is not the flash of the Babylonian

scimeter, which we see shining from the banks of the Euphrates, but the master minds which made Babylon the "mother of learning." It was not the glitter of Grecian spears and shields, which lit up all Europe, and has thence flashed across the Atlantic, but the brilliancy of Grecian intellect. Not Leonidas nor Alexander, but Homer and Socrates, who, more than twenty centuries ago, kindled the flame in Greece, which is still lighting the world of thought. Bunyan through the old gray walls of the prison, Milton through his sightless eyes, have sent more light into the world than all the military forces of the British empire. I note that where there has been the most bitter persecution, where wrong has been vanquished by the sword of truth, there the monuments are highest. He who scorns the peaceful, submissive spirit of my race, despises the noblest traits of Christian character. He who spurns me because I was a slave, despises that condition in which physical force has placed all of the best races in history, for the race which has never been enslaved has no history. Slavery by superior force is no disgrace to the slave. Slaves were the schoolmasters of Rome; her history, her poetry, her art, her science, her religion, were learned from them. And today the chivalrous, polite, hospitable southern white gentleman is the product of negro slave-teaching. The warm, genial companionability and fervor of the southern white man was drawn from his black slaves. The old "uncle" and the old "aunty" were Chesterfields in black. From black breasts the best blood of the South drew its life, for the richest and best men and women were reared, from the very hour of birth, by the black slave. The "little massa" and the "little missus" had no other companion. They drank in the very souls of their negro nurses. Did these negro women and men ever harm them? Did they teach those blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon children lessons of sin, or lessons of virtue? Let the Lees and the Jacksons, the highest types of noble manhood, answer from the tomb. Let the tender, beautiful queen of virtue, the goddess, the idol of southern manhood, the southern white woman of long

ago, answer from the heaven's deep blue above, and tell what my race did for her and her children. Regardless of how the white man's lust has preyed on the black woman's virtue, regardless of what violence the white man's avarice did to negro manhood, still the black man and black woman taught the white man's children lessons of truth, honor, and virtue.

I cannot understand all this talk about the negro problem. Perhaps we will understand some day, when truth shall be accorded a hearing, when all the memories of our hates, engendered by the manner of our liberation, shall have been drowned in the Red Sea of Christian tolerance and brotherly love, and the good things which we have done for each other glide, like heavenly messengers of sweet peace and love, into conscious view, and abide in our souls forever.

Unfriendly discussion, and ignorance of facts have placed the negro at a great disadvantage. A gentleman, high in position, and in the confidence and esteem of the American people, and who is, I believe, a friend to the negro, has fallen into the common error of writing without thinking, on the negro question. He sometimes calls the negro a ward of the nation, then treats him as a free element of a free people, and next compares him to an independent nation. It is plain that the negro cannot sustain, at one and the same time, all of these relations to the United States government. Comparing the negro with the Japanese, this distinguished gentleman says: "With a rapidity without a precedent, Japan has taken her place as an equal and independent nation; her rulers demand acknowledgment at the highest courts, and her ministers are officially the equals of their colleagues in every diplomatic corps. By internal development, without extraneous assistance, Japan has reached a degree of self-reliance, of self-control, of social organization, of respectable civilization far beyond what our African citizens have attained under physical, civic, and religious conditions by no means unfavorable." I cannot see that there is a single point of resemblance between the Japanese as an independent nation, developing national life, and the negro developing as a small

part of a mighty whole. Put the negro in Japan, and place the Japanese here in the midst of another race in a superior condition, towering above and drinking up the material and moral life from the under element, as the great oak does the vegetation under and near it, and then let the comparison be made.

But Japan has had an organized, independent government for two thousand five hundred years. Japan has drawn from Chinese civilization during Japan's whole life, and has been in touch with the highest Christian life of the Dutch, Portuguese, and English, as of Russia, Prussia, France, Italy, Austria, Greece, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Switzerland for more than five hundred years, having had six hundred thousand converts to Christianity centuries ago. She is today drinking of the fountains of thought of the entire world. She copies, imitates, adopts. All that there is about Japan, which is not "extraneous," is paganism. But it is neither wise nor profitable, even had I the time and inclination, to notice further these unjust comparisons, made often by our best friends. However, this kind of attack on the negro, places him in a bad light with the masses of the reading public, who will not take the time to investigate for themselves.

It is worth while, however, to notice the following summary of the antecedents of two races, made by the same distinguished authority above quoted: "Behind the caucasian lie centuries of educating, uplifting influences of civilization, society, the church, the state, the salutary effects of heredity. Behind the negro are centuries of ignorance, barbarism, slavery, superstition, idolatry, fetichism, and the transmissible consequences of heredity." If, in consideration of these facts and the present depressing conditions, the negro has done splendidly, what is the negro problem?

As a matter of fact, the white man has adroitly shifted the burden, and given it a misleading name. If the Anglo-Saxon-Jute-Frisnian-Norman combination known as the American white man, has climbed through the plodding centuries from his low origin, why should he doubt the capacity of any other

race? It is hard for a people who began so low, and now stand upon a throne of slaughtered races, with the blood of all nations dripping from their victorious daggers, to deal fairly, justly, patiently, with another people rising in their midst. But such is man. Today he is persecuted—tomorrow he persecutes. The early New Englanders ran from tyranny and persecution, only to be tyrants and persecutors in their turn. Power is a dangerous thing. It is often an unreasonable thing. It creates armies and navies to push forward its ambition, and calls into existence courts to sustain its error. Might becomes right.

As already stated, the unfair discussion of the negro has resulted in harm to him. The attempt to place him outside the circle of humanity has made men cruel to him. The masses, always ignorant and rash, have come to regard the negro as unworthy of humane treatment. The negro seldom gets an audience. He is misrepresented. He is slandered. His most manly appeal for fair treatment is put down as arrogance and impudence. All of this works immeasurable harm to him, and embitters an ignorant class of whites whose malice knows no bounds. The effort to show inferiority of race instead of inferiority of condition, has its deadly influence against the negro, even in the face of positive contradicting proof. The negro is accused of trying to "force social equality." This is always a strong card whenever vicious intelligence wishes to stir malicious ignorance to riot, notwithstanding that facts dispute this charge.

The negro has long since learned that neither state laws nor congressional enactments can make one man socially equal to another. The merit which must commend the negro to the favorable consideration of mankind must come from the negro himself. This charge of seeking social equality comes in very bad taste from the American white man who so soon forgets his sins, the violence committed upon thousands of negro women—poor, ignorant, defenseless. He forgets that one million, two hundred and fifty thousand of the negroes of this country are mulattoes, quadroons, and

octoroons — descendants of those savage negro women who began slavery here. This violence done to a powerless race, by a powerful people, must, by the immutable laws of God, be corrected sometime; for a terrible penalty must follow a terrible crime.

Notwithstanding this one great wrong perpetrated upon my race, the negro is free of hatred toward the white man of this country. The man who hates the negro, or injures him on account of his color, is far beneath him. The man who hates the negro's condition and tries to lift him above it, may be his superior. The superior man, or superior race, is that man, or that race which does superior things to lift mankind to superior conditions. I have never found anything in my way but ignorance, either on my part, or on the part of any man with whom I have had association. When we all stand before the judgment bar of future righteous intelligence, Christian manhood will be the test.

In regard to that terrible crime for which some of the negroes suffer such horrible deaths, the better class of the negroes regret it deep down in their souls. Our mortification cannot be expressed in words. The cut is keen and deep. We crawl under the cankerous burden, and our souls cry out to God for remedy. We feel that no punishment is too severe for the guilty ones, who are a blot upon humanity. We would willingly throw our own bodies between these lustful, murderous fiends and their tender, innocent victims. We find ourselves almost apologizing for the rage which breaks forth in lawless executions and tortures, too revolting for this civilization. But we remember the law! When we reflect that two wrongs do not make a right — when we remember that these crimes and their awful punishment cannot be corrected by more crime; when we remember that the crime and its worst penalty at the hands of an enraged mob only blunt the conscience of the community and entail a legacy of crimes and criminals upon posterity — we lift our souls to God for light, for a heavenly messenger to point out the right path. The better element of the negro race is as

far from any sympathy with these fiends, as the better class of the white race is above sympathy with lawless white men. I doubt, however, the wisdom of torturous punishments, even by law. Without any philosophic inquiry into the cause of this lustful element in a race which heretofore, in this country, has been free from it, and which maintains such freedom throughout all other countries, I hold that there is an effective way of reaching this class of criminals and wiping out such crimes without debauching the moral sense of the community.

I doubt if present methods will succeed in curing the evil. The extermination of the entire negro race would not correct it. Such atrocious slaughter would so debase the participants, the demons in white skins would be so degraded, that negro fiends would be angels in comparison with them. Let us rather transmit to our posterity the spirit of justice, of obedience to law, of the sacredness of human life: a legacy of love for all mankind in all ages to come.

Strolling along a creek branch which runs through one of our small towns, I observed about a dozen sunny-haired, proud, manly-looking boys, pelting, with mud balls, frogs with their throats cut and strung up to tree limbs. Upon inquiry as to what they were doing, the boys promptly replied: "We are mobbing frogs." I shall never forget that scene. I shall never forget how my heart ached to see those noble looking boys with such debased ideas, hearts full of inherited cruelty, which in future years will break forth into riot, and turn to mobbing men. Every wrong perpetrated by the strong against the weak, every act of disregard for law and order, injures the youth of our land for hundreds of years. The elevation of the youth of all races of our republic is of greater concern than color of skin, political parties, or denominational affiliations. I am an ex-slave, and I would get down into the black mud of the earth on my strong right knee and place my strong right hand under the tender feet of the fourteen million white boys and girls of this country, and would lift them up. Then I would place my hand under the tender, bruised, bleeding feet of the two million negro children of

this land, lift them up, and say to the highest intelligence of the white man of the world, "If virtue, brains, and industry will place these by your side, by the grace of God they shall be put there."

In speaking of negro education in the south, the liberality of our kind northern friends, alone, is made prominent. This is a great mistake. While the generous north has given twenty-five million dollars for negro education, not a negro church or schoolhouse, of the thousands which dot the south, like oases in a desert, has been reared without contribution from the white south. In hundreds of cases the lands have been donated by white people. The army of negro ministers and the thirty thousand negro teachers in the south must attest the correctness of this statement. And the south, out of its weakness and poverty, has gone on giving, and continues to give, regardless of denominational lines. Its moral support in religion, education, and business has been the lever by which we have been raised. As babes in the hands of giants, could we have done so splendidly if the towering brain and moral force of the white south had been arrayed against us? The education most needed is that which shall take away prejudice and misrepresentation, and always hold in memory the good services which we have rendered each other. Unless we can thus educate the heart, our trained heads and hands will be but sharpened instruments of hate. Therefore, let us of the black south be fair with our neighbors and friends of the white south. We have too much in common to agree about and live for, to spend one moment in misrepresentation and abuse.

It is the business of our common schools, of our colleges, our universities, our religious institutions, our public prints, our public speakers, of our government itself, to lift up the three-fold nature of the youth of the land far above the negro problem, far above the caucasian problem, to the broad plain of Christian manhood.

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III. DISFRANCHISEMENT AS A REMEDY.

Nature has solved the problem of the Indian question by the practical extinction of that race, but as far as the negro is concerned, we are no nearer an adequate solution than we were a century ago. It is evident, indeed, that the responsibilities of the government are greater than ever, as the negro population is steadily increasing.

The great majority of the negroes are aggregated in one section of the country, and as nearly all legislation in regard to them has been made by the federal congress, the handling of the negroes has been attempted by men who have never been thrown into contact with the blacks; and whose knowledge of them is, therefore, purely theoretical. The consequence is, that laws have been made which would have answered well for the government of a white race, but which have failed signally to make of the negro a useful and law-abiding citizen. Congress does not apparently realize that the racial difference between the white man and the negro is much more radical than that between the white and the Indian, and that to attempt to place the negro on the same footing as the Anglo-Saxon and to govern him accordingly, is to attempt the unattainable.

The northerners felt that when, at the close of the Civil War, they had given the negro the rights of citizenship, and educational advantages equal to those enjoyed by the whites, they had done their full duty toward the colored race, and that social differences would soon adjust themselves. Many southern whites also shared this optimistic view. That was thirty years ago. Today, notwithstanding alleged statistics to the contrary, the negro stands practically at the same point, both in regard to mental and social attainments, that he did in 1865; for, while in some respects he has undoubtedly advanced, in others he has palpably retrograded.

The southern white man will tell you that the existing race condition is due solely to the negro's own fault; that while the white population of the south pays a trifle more than

ninety-five per cent. of the taxes which go toward the maintenance of the fund appointed for the education of the negro, the latter is too lazy and too stupid to benefit by the advantages which are not only offered, but urged upon him. On the other hand, the intelligent negro will tell you that while it is true that the government provides a public-school system for him, similar to that provided for the whites, yet he has no practical encouragement or incentive to study, for no matter what his mental attainments, he will never be allowed to occupy anything but a menial position in the community; that it is not indolence or incapacity on his part, but a sort of pride — the pride of an educated man forced to do work which he feels to be beneath him — which has prevented his taking advantage of his educational opportunities.

As is usual in such cases, the truth lies between these two extremes. The negro is lazy — particularly in regard to arduous mental application. His mind is to a certain extent like that of a child. While he is not slow to grasp the fundamental idea of a new subject presented to him — and indeed often surprises his teacher by his quickness of comprehension — he seems incapable of the steady application and plodding perseverance characteristic of the white mind — particularly of the Anglo-Saxon. He is easily discouraged, and his attention is apt to wander from one subject to another. It seems impossible for the average negro to continue a train of reasoning beyond a certain point; while his imitative faculty and power of perception are keen, his logical and reasoning faculties seem sadly rudimentary. Consequently, it is natural that he should attain a much higher degree of success in what may be termed the empirical studies than in those purely rational.

These statements are based not only upon my own experience in teaching the negro at the south, but also upon the statements that have been made to me by a number of my friends who have for years interested themselves in the practical education of the colored people. My experience has shown me that while at the start a negro child often shows ability quite

equal to that of a white child of the same age, yet, if the two children, one white and one colored, each of average intellect, are kept in the same class, in a short period the white child far outstrips the negro — at least in all those studies where diligent application and depth of thought are necessary for success.

There is undoubtedly much truth in the negro's statement that he receives little or no encouragement to strive for a higher education than the "three R's." His chief discouragement, however, is not from the white people of either the north or the south, but from his own race. The ambitious negro realizes that no matter what success he may achieve, and no matter what his mental attainments may be — acquired at the cost of hard-won battles against inherited weakness and instinctive tendencies — he will in the end be regarded by the rank and file of his own race as fit only for some menial employment. The greatest drawback to the negro's progress today is his lack of faith in the possibilities of his own race. A striking instance of this was afforded me when I was at the south a short time ago. In the Georgia town where I was stopping, there was a clever, well-educated, and remarkably intelligent young negro, who had recently received his degree of bachelor of laws, and been admitted to the bar of the state. When I saw him, he was evidently much discouraged that up to that time he had not received a single client, either white or colored. A short time afterwards, the young negro woman, who was employed as cook in my host's household, came to him with her tale of domestic woe, and asked his advice in regard to a suitable lawyer, in whose hands she could put the case in order to make application for a divorce. I was present when she sought my host in the library.

"Why not go to B——, the colored lawyer?" I suggested.

"Lawd, what does you take me for," replied the young woman, rolling her eyes in astonishment, "to think I'd done trust my case in the hands of a *nigger*? After I'd done spent all my money I wouldn't be no nearer a 'vorce than I

is today. No indeed, I'm goin' to some 'spectabel white lawyer."

Reasoning and argument in this case were vain as they were in the case of another negro woman who was advised to send for a colored physician — also a competent, intelligent man — for her sick child. The negro mother's reply to this well-meant suggestion was, "I wouldn't have no nigger doctor tech my chile; he'd kill her sure." Yet—I mention it as a further instance of the strange inconsistency of negro character — this woman, after trying several white physicians without success, sent for an ignorant old negro "hoodooer," or witch doctor, whose barbarous treatment caused the poor child's death!

As for the negro lawyer in the one case, and the negro physician in the other, I watched their careers and found that both in despair finally gave up the hope of winning even a modicum of success in their respective professions; the lawyer is now a barber's apprentice, the doctor a head waiter in a small local hotel.

Contrary to general opinion — and this is a matter to which I have given special attention — the educated negroes who come north fare but little better, either professionally or socially, than those who remain in the south. There are, of course, exceptions to all the rules I have mentioned, but they are, I believe, rare. Except in a few individual instances, negro education, as it has been attempted for the past thirty years, has proved practically a failure. But how could it have been otherwise than fruitless? To expect a man whose grandfather was a naked fetich-worshipping savage to have the same broad grasp of affairs, the same mental capacity as the "heir of all the ages," the Anglo-Saxon, whose ancestors for many generations have been civilized and educated, is not only ridiculous, but most unfair to the negro. Clearly our duty toward the negro, at present, is to attempt to educate him by methods radically different from those pursued in the past.

In regard to the political condition of the negro today —

particular the southern negro — it may be said of him, what has been said of the Russian peasant, the recently emancipated moujik, "He received his freedom before he was ready for it." In the case of the negro, this refers of course to his political freedom. It is my belief that the greatest mistake our government has made in the race question was in putting the ballot into the hands of the negro so soon after he was made a freeman. The colored man was thus precipitated into politics before he had an idea of the responsibilities of enfranchisement. Would it not have been infinitely better to have given the negro an opportunity of receiving instruction before he was given the ballot? Was it just to expect a man who had no previous knowledge of even the basis of civil government, who had never heard of the Constitution of the United States, and who did not know the bare meaning of the word "politics," to vote with judgment and discretion, or to be above the temptation of accepting a political bribe? I have found that to the simple mind of the average negro there is no more harm in voting for the man who promises the highest reward — whether it be in the form of money or offices — than there is in entering that occupation which promises most lucrative results.*

With all due respect for the white southern politicians, it must be admitted in fairness to the blacks that the political corruption which has been the disgrace of the south ever since the close of the war, has been as much the fault of the whites as of the blacks. The negro has been used as an instrument in the hands of unscrupulous white politicians for furthering the selfish ends of each. Too ignorant to understand the real significance of the issue, the negro has voted always on the side which offered the largest bribe, or whose representatives succeeded best in cajoling and flattering him.

The cause of many of the worst crimes of which the negro has been guilty within recent years may be traced primarily to election-day corruption. When, in order to control his

* This remark would apply with equal truth to the white voters of thickly populated urban districts in the north, and even to certain agricultural districts in Maine and in Michigan. —
EDITOR OF THE ARENA.

vote, the negro is taken into the embraces of the white man, when cheap corn-whiskey is used to befuddle his understanding — when he is truckled and catered to at the polls, and made familiar with dirty political manoeuvring — then is it matter of wonder that the negro's head is completely turned? Naturally he overestimates his political importance, and thinks that rather than lose his vote, the white man will endure from him any amount of insolence and bad conduct; and, half crazed with the liquor to which he has been treated, he commits crimes and perpetrates outrages upon decency of which he was never guilty during *ante-bellum* days, nor would be today if he realized more fully the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

No one regrets more bitterly than the more respectable element of the southern white people that this system of bribery and corruption of the negroes should be the rule at the south today, but unfortunately this fact does not alter the existing condition of affairs.

A significant fact in this connection is, that the negro seems as ignorant of politics, and civil government, and United States history today, as he was thirty years ago, when he was first enfranchised. A case in point occurs to me. When at the south last winter, I noticed the negroes were unusually demonstrative in celebrating Washington's Birthday. I questioned a number of them in regard to their knowledge of the "Father of his Country," and as to their reasons for being so enthusiastic in their patriotic demonstrations. The almost invariable reply I received was, they "didn't know nothin' 'bout Misser Washington himself, but they didn't have to work that day, and jes' wanted to have a good time." A negro lad of average intelligence, who informed me that he was "goin' on sixteen," and had been attending school for five years, asked gravely: "Is Misser George Washington dead yet?"

With these facts in view, is it not a just conclusion that the three southern states in which the negro vote largely predominates — Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana —

have acted wisely in adopting measures to exclude the negro from the suffrage? It will probably be but a short time before the other states in the "black belt" — Georgia, Alabama, and Virginia, follow the example of the first three named. A bill is to be offered to the Alabama legislature, now in session, calling for a constitutional convention, the principal purpose of which will be to extend the disfranchisement method to that state. "We shall be recreant to our duty if we temporize with conditions which are pregnant with evil," said Governor Johnston in his message to the legislature.

Undoubtedly it would be wise to make enfranchisement an educational rather than a race qualification. This would keep from the polls the ignorant and irresponsible white man, and would not debar the educated and intelligent negro. Let the negro be deprived of the rights of citizenship, only until such time as he learns to exercise them with wisdom and discretion. The hope of being some day qualified to vote, would be an incentive to education and industry, which would no doubt prove of untold benefit to the negro race.

It is true that, if all the southern states unite in practically disfranchising the negro, even temporarily, it would be but fair that their electoral vote and representation in congress should be diminished accordingly, while that condition lasts; otherwise the political equilibrium of the nation would be seriously affected. But the south can much better afford to lose congressional representation, than to stand any longer under the burden of political corruption and rottenness, which has existed at the south, within recent years, on account of the indiscriminate negro vote.

But it is not alone to the south that this change would prove advantageous in the United States. Politics generally, would be benefited; for the negro vote being practically eliminated, there would no longer remain the necessity for keeping up the "solid south," which the white people of that section have maintained since the close of the war; for it has been kept merely as a bulwark against negro domination.

Mary

Normal political division and discussion would succeed, and the present morbid political situation be relieved.

The negro is neither the saint — particularly the martyred, oppressed saint — that he has been represented on the one hand, nor is he the devil that he has been painted on the other. When not under the influence of strong drink, or — far worse — the evil counsels of turbulent agitators, there is no more care-free, good-natured, happy-go-lucky creature on the face of the earth than the average negro. His virtues are as peculiarly his own as are his vices.

The responsibilities of the United States government toward the negro are great, for as the white man is responsible for the negro's presence in our country, so it is the duty of the white race to see that the colored people are properly provided for. The question which now confronts us is: What policy shall we pursue in the future, in regard to the negro, which will prove best both for his own welfare and the welfare of the country?

definitely
An apparently feasible solution of the problem has recently been suggested, which is, to petition the government to found a colony for the American negro on one of the Philippine Islands — or elsewhere in the new territory recently acquired — and to appropriate funds for the transportation thither of all the colored people now in the United States. This plan has been warmly advocated by those who have never come into personal contact with the negro. Theoretically the scheme is an excellent one, but those who from years of association, know the negro best, realize that the result would prove disastrous to his own future welfare, for it has been all too clearly proved that whenever left to himself the negro has reverted to a condition of primitive savagery — it being naturally easier to retrograde than to advance. Of this fact the present moral and social condition of Haiti and of Liberia are glaring examples. Even the negroes themselves — that is, the great majority of them — realize that the colonization scheme would prove utterly impracticable, and strongly oppose it.

*then why
disfranchise
him?*

*why not
eliminate
him from
our sphere*

As a child is sent to the kindergarten before he is sent to school—so let the negro be taught industrial pursuits before the attempt is made to force upon his undeveloped brain academical training. At present, law is to the average negro a vague and indefinite term, but let him be governed by prompt legal measures rather than by mob violence, and he will learn to respect the law, instead of defying it. Do not expect him to live up to a standard which is beyond his power to attain. To be just with him is to be lenient. Wisely and judiciously governed, there is no reason why the negro should prove the "impediment to national progress," that it has been asserted he is; on the contrary, he will prove a good citizen, serving faithfully and well in the sphere for which he is suited by nature.

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IV. IMPOSSIBILITY OF RACIAL AMALGAMATION.

While the negro problem is of the most vital importance to the south, it is only recently that it has begun to be seriously regarded from a racial point of view by the thinking people of the north. Now that the war prejudice between the two sections has passed away, and a better social acquaintance is being made, the northern brother thinks of the situation of his southern brother, and sympathizes with him in his unfortunate surroundings, and is ready to discuss the matter dispassionately and assist in administering any remedy that would be humane in relieving the caucasian race in the south. As the situation now stands, it involves the very foundation of society; yes, the principle of manhood, and the future of the south, and as there is greater cause for unity than ever before, the north should assist the south in solving the problem; for it is no longer the "Negro problem in the south," but the problem of the Union.

In the absence of practical knowledge, Professor Willis

Boughton in the Arena for September, 1896, undertook to demonstrate that blood which flows beneath somber skins is of such superior quality that, when mingled with the blood of the whites, it subdues, purifies, and elevates, whether it comes from the impulsive arteries of the Arab of the desert, or from the sluggish veins of the man-eater of the jungle—the blacker the skin the better the blood for his purposes. He finds that the learned Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans owed their achievements to black blood. And coming to our own country and times, he says: "Perhaps this alloy of negro blood is an essential element in our race formation, and has been placed here by the Creator to be used in producing a people that shall, in its day, be as peculiarly gifted as were the Greeks and Romans in their time." Having wrought himself up to believe so strongly in the efficacy of black blood, and doubtless despairing of the white race for the present, he takes courage for the future outlook. He reasons: "Two races have never yet dwelt together for any length of time without commingling, and fusion will no doubt be the final solution of the race problem in this country."

In his haste for the fusion to begin he laments that, "In some of the southern states there still exists an immoral and absurd law, making penal the marriage of a white man with a colored woman." But he is thankful that the barriers are being removed in other ways, and that the education of the negro and his attainment of positions of rank and influence will "open the road at once, if he chooses, for his marriage with a very respectable white woman." He thinks also that, "had the colored maiden a dower of a few thousand dollars, there is many a white man who would fall at her feet and offer her legal marriage." He even goes farther, and says rather hopefully: "The time may come when the American white girl, proud of her pure Teutonic lineage, will find the wealthy brunette of doubtful lineage a winning competitor as compared with the broken-down foreign nobleman."

He also thinks that foreign immigration will assist in breaking down the barriers; that the foreigner is not so fas-

tidious in selecting his bride, when there is gold in sight; and that soon the Englishman may come over and capture a negro woman for a bride, return home, and enter society without danger of being ostracized. He does not see anything alarming or horrifying about these intermarriages. It is only a matter of choice. He wishes to see all obstacles swept away and let the fusion go on. It is his way of solving the race problem in the United States.

Dr. D. W. Culp thinks differently.* He is a negro, lives in the south, and knows better. Such a fusion will never, for one moment, be thought of there, by either white or black. The decree against it has been entered and signed, as if by Almighty God, and no power on earth nor in heaven will ever change it. Centuries may come and centuries may go, and agitators may preach and fanatics may howl, but it will not be altered. The pure Anglo-Saxon blood in the United States will never be corrupted by the blood of an inferior race. Some of the weaker vessels may poison and fester, but the ever-ready furnace of pride, intelligence, and purity, will drive out the foreign substance. Dr. Culp thanks Professor Boughton for giving his race a place in history, and exalting his people. He proceeds to exalt them himself. He has a high opinion of the negro as a factor in the future of this country, but he knows this future will not come through the fusion channel.

His solution of the political side of the problem would be to solidify the negro vote in a negro party, and then place this entire voting population on the block for sale to the highest bidder in "concessions," without regard to the principles of the bidder; that the negro race would be out for selfish motives, and for sale at the highest price.

I would not seem harsh toward the negro, for I am not. I would not disparage him, for he has enough disadvantages to contend against already. But when these two men, of superior education and high mental culture, discuss a subject of such vital importance to the people, in a leading magazine

* See The Arena for April, 1897.

of the country, they should lay aside pet theories and race prejudices, if they do not expect to be criticized in plain terms. I would strip the subject of all prejudice, and use only the test of reason ; for thus it must be determined in the end, in spite of the theories of the northern philanthropist, in spite of the negro's ambition, in spite of the southerner's alarm.

The fusion theory is unsound. That is not the sort of blood the old Romans were made of ; it is not good Greek material. It is objectionable to north and south alike, and will never be tolerated. The most admiring sympathizer of the negro in the north would rather see his daughter laid in her grave than united with the Ethiopian. The most degraded southerner would consign his children to the tomb rather than see them married with negroes. These are not temporary prejudices, but principles as dear and firmly fixed as the human soul itself.

The barter and sale of negro votes will never solve the problem. Purchasing votes is not elevating in the north, where it has been thoroughly tried. The negroes had better put their bodies on sale again, rather than their votes. The one would prove as great a curse to the purchaser and the purchased as the other.

The negro is not, and never can be, the equal of the caucasian. Standing alone, with no mixture, the negro found his natural place and condition in the wilds of his native haunts ; in a country rich in soil, wealthy in minerals, abundant with game, producing fruits and nuts in quantities sufficient to sustain him. But he was so indolent and thriftless as to go without clothing, and reduced himself to such a state of hunger and starvation that he was compelled to prey upon, slay and eat his fellow men, to sustain life !

It is unpleasant, and ordinarily contrary to etiquette, to refer in this manner to the origin of your neighbor. This epoch in the history of the negro is too close to refer to it in a spirit of pleasantry. But, when he and his admirers claim equality as a matter of right, sometimes even superiority in intellectual, moral, and social endowments, and condemn his

white neighbors because they do not concede this right, the whole subject is opened for investigation, and it is right that all the evidence should be reviewed.

Found, in an age when the scruples of civilization were not above reducing human beings to slavery, the negroes were hunted like wild animals, taken by force from their native soil, and transplanted among a superior race, who cruelly whipped and goaded them into work. This was doubtless necessary, for it was not in line with the negro's nature to take an active interest in the white man's affairs in those times. Determination and perseverance always win. Centuries of constant flogging, not only developed a habit of work, but developed pretty fair muscles; and a certain mixture of white blood aroused some ambition. Then the negro began to imitate the white man.

Finally, certain white people began to see the inhumanity of slavery. They did not own slaves themselves, and did not want them. They had owned them, but had sold them. We may pass by the reasons for this, and simply say that slavery was wrong. Whether God used it in the beginning for the purpose of civilizing the negro, whether it was right or wrong in the beginning, it became wrong; and God spoke through his servant, Abraham Lincoln, and declared it ended.

The negro was thus freed, and made a citizen. Was he then the equal of the white man? Now, after more than thirty years of freedom, is he the equal of the white man? What evidences have we of this, in invention, literature, art, music, discovery, where the field is equally open to all? A few cases of abnormal development in certain lines, where the individual possessed as much, or more, white than negro blood, is no evidence of this alleged equality.

It may, however, be said that the negro has been handicapped by slavery. He was not a slave when we found him, save to his own indolence and lusts. For more than two hundred years since then, he has had full sway in his native country, and yet, as was said so forcibly by Mr. Thomas Nel-

son Page, the African explorer's latest book is "Darkest Africa." After the negro has enjoyed more than one hundred years of freedom in the New England states, Dr. Henry M. Field, a northern man and friend of the negro, who has traveled and studied the case thoroughly, says:

"Yet here [in Massachusetts] we are doomed to great disappointment. The black man has every right that belongs to his white neighbor; not only the natural rights which, according to the Declaration of Independence, belong to every human being—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—but the right to vote and have a part in making the laws. He could own his little home, and there sit under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make him afraid. His children could go to the same common schools, and sit on the same benches, and learn the same lessons as white children. With such advantages, a race that had natural genius ought to have made great progress in a hundred years. But where are the men whom it should have produced to be the leaders of their people? We find not one has taken rank as a man of action or a man of thought; as a thinker or a writer; as artist or poet; as discoverer or inventor. The whole race has remained on one dead level of mediocrity."

He quotes Theodore Parker, another staunch friend of the African race, as follows:

"There are inferior races which have always borne the same ignoble relation to the rest of men and always will. In two generations what a change there will be in the condition and character of the Irish in New England. But in twenty generations the negroes will stand just where they are now; that is, if they have not disappeared."

Dr. Field continues:

"That was more than thirty years ago. But today I look about me in Massachusetts, and I see a few colored men; but what are they doing? They work in the fields, they hoe corn, they dig potatoes; the women take in washing. I find colored barbers and whitewashers, shoeblacks and chimney-sweeps; but I do not know a single man who has grown to be

a merchant or a banker, a judge or a lawyer, a member of the legislature or a justice of the peace, or even a selectman of the town. In all these respects, the negroes remain where they were in the days of our fathers. The best friends of the colored race, of whom I am one, must confess that it is disappointing and discouraging to find that, with all these opportunities, they are little removed from where they were a hundred years ago.*

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in his book, "The Old South," says :

"Opportunity is afforded us to examine the negro's progress in two countries in which a civilization was created for him, and he was surrounded by every condition helpful to progress. The first is Liberia : here, he had a model republic founded by the caucasian solely for his benefit, with freedom grafted in its name. It was founded in as splendid hopes as even this republic itself. Christendom gave it its assistance and its prayers. How has the negro progressed there? Let one of his own race tell the story; one who was thought competent to represent the United States there. Mr. Charles H. J. Taylor, late minister from the United States to Liberia, has given a picture of life in Liberia which cannot be equaled save in some other country under the same rule. He says, in a paper published in the Kansas City Times, April 22, 1888: 'Not a factory, mill, or workshop of any kind is to be found there. They have no money or currency in circulation of any kind. They have no boats of any character, not even a canoe; the two gunboats England gave them, are lying rotten on the beach. . . . Look from morn till night, you will never see a horse, a mule, a donkey, or a broken-in ox. They have them not. There is not a buggy, a wagon, a cart, a slide, a wheelbarrow in the four counties. The natives carry everything on their heads. The whole picture presented is hopeless.'"

Speaking of Haiti, Mr. Page says :

"Sir Spencer St. John, in his astounding work, 'The Black Republic,' has given a picture of Haiti under negro rule, which is enough to give pause alike to the wildest theorist and the most vindictive partizan. He takes pains to tell us

* "Sunny Skies and Dark Shadows," p. 144.

that he has lived for thirty-five years among colored people of various races, and has no prejudice against them ; that the most frequent and not the least honored guests at his table in Haiti for twelve years were of the black and colored races. The picture he has presented is the blackest ever drawn : revolution succeeding revolution, and massacre succeeding massacre ; the country once under white rule, teeming with wealth and covered with beautiful villas and plantations, with a 'considerable foreign commerce ; now in a state of decay and ruin, without trade or resources of any kind, speculation and jobbery paramount in all public offices,' barbarism substituted for civilization, Voudou worship in place of Christianity, and, oftener than once, human flesh actually sold in the market-place of Port au Prince, the capital of the country."

Wherever the negro has been left to self-government, he has failed and immediately retrograded. Can you even sustain him theoretically ? Because a few cases have been developed in which, with all the assistance of the white man, he has attained mediocrity, the theorist has discovered in him the material for a superior race. A few musicians, second-rate poets, lawyers, and physicians have been made from them, but in this day of eminent teachers and wonderful facilities, a skull would have to be thicker than that of the Ethiopian, not to yield to some extent to the determined educator. But he is not the equal of the white race. He has not the will-power, the firmness, the comprehension. Nature has formed him differently. His thickness of skull, want of originality, and lack of individuality will always prevent him from competing with his superior neighbor. He is an actor, a mimic, an impersonator ; born not to lead men, but to follow.

If he was not the equal of the caucasian in his native state, he can only now lay claim to his association and mixture with the white man for his improvement. Naturally without energy, invention, or thrift, he cannot expect to surpass, or equal the white man from mere association alone. Then, does he claim that the mixture of white blood produces a superior race ? Does the introduction of inferior blood with a superior produce a superior to the superior ? The most prejudiced

fanatic will not insist on this. In general, the mixture has always produced an inferior race, both in physical and mental capacity. The result is perfectly natural. All skilled in the science of procreation tell us that the best specimens of manhood are produced in wedlock, where there is mutual affection and mutual respect, as well as ease of mind and peace of conscience on the part of the mother during the period of gestation. Possibly not a single element of these has ever existed in the birth of a child whose mother and father were of these different races. There is a certain disgust on the part of the white parent, a knowledge of inequality on the part of the colored parent, the illegal act, the sin and remorse of unlawful cohabitation, weighing upon the minds of the parents, which likewise affects the child in the womb. It is an unnatural production; and instead of a superior race, it brings into the world beings neither white nor black, with physical and mental defects.

There has been nothing added to the negro to make him our equal, and no power on earth can make him our equal. God's will alone can do it, and he has shown by his manner of forming the negro that he does not wish it. The caucasian race is the nearest perfect, and therefore nearest God's own image.

Notwithstanding Bishop Haygood's effort, and the great desire of the southern white people to colonize the negro, it can never be done. The negro knows too well his inability to stand alone, to be tempted away from the white man. It would require compulsion to get rid of him, and our constitution would not permit that. Besides, it would be impossible to decide who should go and who should remain. It is out of the question. The negro could not be persuaded or hired to leave a country where he can live in comparative comfort without much effort; and the horrors of being left to himself would be worse than death. He could not stand alone. Divine power saw enough good in him to rescue him from the jungle, and place him along by the side of his superior race. He must have the white man's help. The American

is best able to take care of him, and, sad though it may seem, the negro's place is among us.

We must then do our duty,—make the best we can of the negro. Education and cultivation will not hurt him. While he can never attain prominence, nor rise far above his present standard, yet we should keep him as far from his original condition as possible. But to do this, one section of the country should not bear the burden alone. The south has been punished amply for every injury it has done the negro, even from the most fanatic negro sympathizer's point of view. Let the north now come to her assistance. North and south have laid aside their prejudices and acknowledge their brotherly love. Let them share alike this common burden. If the negro is left alone, he must perish. If he crowds out the whites in any particular locality in this Union, that section will become a barren spot, and the negro will drift back into his original condition, as far as permitted. Guard against this. Prevent local colonies anywhere in the United States. Encourage disintegration. Scatter the negroes equally throughout the Union. Let the north offer inducements for immigration. Let the south organize emigration societies in every county, in every state, and encourage disintegration by word, by act, and by deed. Southerners can well afford to pay every negro's fare to the north, and give him a start in life. When the negro is equally divided between the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, each section will bear its share of the burden, and the knotty problem will be solved.

W. S. McCURLEY.

Seattle, Washington.

V. EDUCATIONAL POSSIBILITIES.

In the present condition of affairs in the south it is easier to find errors than remedies; yet I am tempted to say that any one who can so far lift himself above party, race, and geographical divisions as to make a calm, philo-

sophical study of the past and the present condition of the negro in the south must conclude that at the beginning of our freedom there were three errors committed.

These errors I mention only that we may draw a lesson from them for our future guidance. It was unfortunate that those of the white race, with few exceptions, from the north, who got the political control of the south in the beginning of our freedom, were not men of such high and unselfish natures as to lead them to do something that would fundamentally and permanently help the negro, rather than yield to the temptation to use him as a means to lift themselves into political power and eminence. This mistake had the effect of making the negro and the southern white man political enemies.

It was unfortunate, at the beginning of the negro's freedom, when we were without education, without property, without experience in government, that the burden of the government in the south was so largely thrown upon our shoulders in the way that I have mentioned. This was done when our strength should have been concentrated in the direction of securing property, education, and character, as a basis for our citizenship. Any race or nationality, I fear, under similar conditions, would have made the same kind of blunders that are now charged to the account of my race. Put the government of Cuba today completely into the hands of the inexperienced natives, even of the white race, and I think you would see a repetition of what took place in the south.

It was unfortunate that the negro got the idea that every southern white man was opposed by nature to his highest interest and advancement, and that he could only find a friend in the white man who was removed from him by a distance of thousands of miles. But I should be false to the highest interests of my race, false to the south, and false to my country, if I did not assert, notwithstanding the inexcusable wrong which you and I unite in condemning, which has recently been perpetrated against my race in the south, that

there are native southern white men whose hearts beat in just as earnest sympathy for all that concerns the highest and permanent interest of the negro as is true of any found in any section of our country. Their way may not be the negro's way, their way may not be your way or my way; but since the end they seek is the same end you and I seek, and the negro seeks for himself, we should lend those of the southern whites, whose hearts are right, our aid and sympathy in every honest, manly way, where no sacrifice of principle is involved. This assertion I make after an experience of seventeen years in the heart of the south.

In the third place it was unfortunate that the wisest and best element of the southern white people did not at the beginning of our freedom take the negro by the hand, and enter heartily into his preparation for citizenship, and thus convince the negro by indisputable evidence, before his political affections were alienated, that his interest was identical with that of the southern white man, and that he could find no better friend in any state. It has been equally unfortunate that the negro has long retained the idea that any member of his own race who sought in a manly, independent, and unselfish manner thus to encourage the southerner to enter into active sympathy with the negro must necessarily be a traitor to the highest interest of his race.

Friends of humanity, raise yourselves above yourselves, above race, above party, above everything, if you can save the highest welfare of ten millions of my people, whose interests are permanently interwoven by decree of God with those of sixty millions of yours, and seek with me a way out of this great race-problem, which hangs over our country, like a shadow of death, by night and by day; find any method of escape save that of patiently, wisely, bravely, manfully bringing the southern white man and the negro into closer sympathetic and friendly relations through education, industrial and business development, and that touch of high Christian sympathy which makes all the world akin,—find any way out of our present condition save this, and I am ready to lay down all my plans, and will follow where you lead.

But the task is not hopeless: it is in no degree discouraging. Already in the seeming darkness the sunlight begins to appear. Only a few weeks ago in Washington, in a national convention of black people, whose spirit was controlled by such members of the race as T. Thomas Fortune, Ida Wells Barnett, and Judson W. Lyons, we find a resolution passed to the effect that, whenever it shall serve the highest welfare of the negro race in a given situation in the future, the negro vote shall be divided among all political parties. This is the most advanced position taken by any responsible negro representative body since our freedom. There is further encouragement in the fact, that almost without exception, north and south, between both races, there is an agreement that what the negro most needs is education. As to the form of education in the south, we of both races have grown to the point where practically all are united in the opinion that just now industrial education, coupled with thorough religious and academic training, without circumscribing the ambition and inclination of those who have the means to secure what is regarded as the higher education, is now most needed. This industrial training will teach the negro thrift, economy, the dignity of labor, and will soonest enable him to become an intelligent producer in the highest sphere of life—a property holder, a larger tax-payer, a greater commercial factor—will enable him to knit himself into the business life of the south.

It seems to me that the highest duty which the generous and patriotic people of this country owe to themselves and their country, is to give willingly the means for the support of such institutions as Tuskegee, which are, without doubt, solving this serious and perplexing problem. If we had the means at Tuskegee, we could make our work tell in a hundred-fold larger degree. The men of the world have the money which is in large measure to settle this vital question.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Tuskegee, Ala.

SPANISH CHARACTER-STUDIES.

NATIONAL characteristics, according to the statesman-philosopher Guizot, are "the outcome of local conditions and historical antecedents," and the preponderant importance of geographical data may be inferred from the fact that the climate of several countries has impressed the results of its influence on successive races of conquerors.

A traveler like Richard Burton might have written a work on the isotherms of virtues and vices. In spite of Maine Laws, King Alcohol remains a Frost-land monarch; and on a map illustrating the effects of the liquor traffic, the symbols of delirium tremens would multiply with every mile further north. The clouds on the ascetic's brow, on the other hand, would darken as we approach the equator. With rare exception, the same latitudes that engender pine-woods, have also favored the evolution of thrift and valor. The Graces prefer to dwell under palms, and only untoward circumstances have forced the Muses into fur cloaks.

The factors of ethnological peculiarities are generally, indeed, about nine-tenths climate and one-tenth history, and the inversion of that rule in Spain would, *a priori*, suggest the influence of altogether exceptional events, or of what Count Cavour used to call "the warping force of Despotism."

The present population of the Iberian peninsula was compounded during the first eight hundred years of our chronological era, and when the storm of the Moslem invasion had winnowed the wheat from the chaff, no "garden planted eastward in Eden," ever ripened its products under more auspicious circumstances. There was still a subsoil of the old Celt-Iberian race, that had won the respect of the same Roman land-devourers who never ceased to ridicule the foibles of their Gallic victims. The Romans themselves had left traces of their presence in the colonies that produced such men as Seneca and Trajan. Arabs had added the stimulus

of their restless enterprise. But the master-race remained, that tribe of the adventurous Goths, that had fought its way from the shores of the Caspian to the Atlantic, and, during their bivouac on the banks of the Marne, saved Europe from brutalization in that world-battle where Thorismund stemmed the hurricane of the Hunnish hordes for sixty hours, and, in the last decisive charge, contrived to rout the cut-throat conquerors of two continents.

Three hundred years later, a descendant of that victor was slain by the rough-riders of Tarik ; but, like the overthrow of Hastings, the defeat of Xeres de la Frontera was a disaster, rather than a disgrace ; in both cases, the prostrate nation resisted deglutition, and finished the tussle by swallowing its captors.

Spain, re-united under its Gothic princes, became the champion of Caucasian civilization, and like fate-favored Rome, seemed destined to hold the hegemony of Europe for a thousand years.

How has that promise been fulfilled ?

Since him, once called the Morning-star,
Nor gods nor demons fell so far.

Yet that portentous ruin was not effected by climatic influences. All the advantages of soil and temperature that made Greece pre-eminent in war, art, and science were united in the crownlands of Philip the Second. A warmer climate than that of southernmost Spain has not prevented the Arabs from preserving the physical vigor of their heroic forefathers. Wars as continuous as those of the Gothic-Moorish border did not prevent Italy from winning a *pentathlon* of laurels in the arena of culture. "How is it," asks Edmond About, "that the one foremost man in every branch of human pursuit has been a native of down-trodden Italy ? Raphael, Michel Angelo, Galileo, Mezzofanti, Dante, Columbus, and Napoleon — the list could hardly be more complete."

Spain even enjoys immunity from those terrors of the lower latitudes which Henry Buckle considered the prime

causes of superstition; cyclones and earthquakes are rare, and man-defying wild beasts only roam the woods of the most inaccessible mountains.

But plagues often gather force in their progress from land to land, and Spain had to stand the brunt of the mental epidemic that spread from the pest-centers of Buddhism to the Mediterranean coast-countries, and resulted in the mediæval millenium of madness, the thousand years' war against nature, freedom, and science. Elsewhere, the champions of that Anti-naturalism had to introduce their doctrines by violence or intrigues. In Spain they manage to popularize them by identifying their cause with that of the life-and-death struggle against the power of the Moors. Like two conflagrating flames, political and religious fanaticism continued to stimulate each other till the prestige of the priesthood could defy all opposition.

With the full consent of a considerable plurality of the population, the independent thinkers of the peninsula were weeded out at the rate of fifteen hundred a year. The struggle for existence, under such circumstances, came to favor the survival of the most credulous. Memorized dogmas usurped the functions of reason, and at last even of those instincts of beauty-worship that seemed to have become hereditary among the natives of southern gardenlands. Genial, resplendent, poetical, and polygamous King Solomon was as clearly a product of a sunny climate as a peacock or an Adonis butterfly. The Duke of Alva was a product of the Holy Inquisition.

The talents and virtues of a naturally highly-gifted race were thus either strangled out of existence, or distorted and *specialized* in a manner unparalleled in the history of moral evolution. The seven hundred years' crusade against the adversaries of the church resulted in an almost absolute indifference to the sufferings of disbelievers. The mere fact of deliberate or accidental dissent was considered sufficient to forfeit the claims of humanity. Industry, intelligence, cleanliness, harmlessness, and a scrupulously strict observance of treaties did not save the survivors of the Moorish wars from

being torn from their homes and chased like wild beasts into the wilderness of the African deserts. Within eighty years after the discovery of America the aboriginal population of the West Indies had been destroyed, and destroyed in a manner more horrible than if an army of Bengal tigers had been landed on their shores.

Yet, after all, the instincts of humanity had been merely specialized. Foreign residents of Spanish cities are amazed to find that the relentless butchers of Moriscoes, Lucayans, Netherlanders, and Cuban insurgents seem to be the most charitable people on earth. The famished citizens of Cadiz and Havana shared their pittance with still poorer wretches. Without a poor-tax, Spanish communities of fifty thousand self-supporters feed a pauper population of five thousand to seven thousand. Public hospitals are thronged with ministers of mercy. Nor should we shrink from the confession that in the land of Torquemada, minors are treated far more kindly than in Puritanical Great Britain. There are Spanish towns where Charles Lamb's Autocrat of the Grammar-school, child-torturing Boyer, would have been torn by a raging mob.

Habitual Sabbath-breaking may be a national disgrace, but the case of morality *versus* the frequenters of the bull-ring is by no means as clear as our humanitarians are apt to represent it, though there is something comically characteristic about Syndic Pacheco's reply to the remonstrances of Bishop Riley: "What! spoil the amusement of ten thousand Christians, on the only day when nine-tenths of them get a chance for a little out-door fun, and drive them to dram-shops or dens of vice? And all to *spare the feelings of an unbaptised brute!*"

Among the curiosities of heredity, Dr. Claude Bernard mentions an experiment with seven successive generations of black-and-tan terriers, whose tails were amputated and cauterized, with the result of the eighth generation being born bob-tailed. The cauterizations of the *auto-da-fé* have produced a similar anomaly. After some two million five hundred thou-

sand free inquirers had been cut off by the familiars of the Inquisition, kind nature obviated the necessity of the painful process by causing subsequent generations to be born without the instinct of inquisitiveness. That elimination of a troublesome propensity is so complete, that the victims of meddlesome neighbors should be advised to settle in Spain. Grave, silent Don Castellano does not trouble himself with the domestic concerns of his fellowmen more than he can possibly help, and checks the gossiping penchant of Doña Inez to the best of his ability. A South California hidalgo closed his door with a yawn, when an Anglo-American Paul Pry had disturbed his slumbers to communicate a suspicion that his next-door neighbors were Mormons. As long as they were Christians and baptized their youngsters, their matrimonial idiosyncrasies were no concern of his. But with almost equal promptness he would have declined to open his shutters for the purpose of witnessing a shower of shooting stars. Among fifty thousand Spanish-Americans invoking the aid of the saints entrusted with the portfolio of the earthquake department, not five could be induced to discuss the possible causes of seismic disturbances. The author of *Spanische Reise Bilder* considers the Valencians as, on the whole, the least bigoted provincials of the peninsula, but admits that in Valencia City a lecturer on scientific topics could fill his hall only by hiring an audience at a pretty liberal rate of compensation.

That mental torpor, considered in connection with the general neglect of cleanliness and agriculture, might tempt us to endorse the charge of hopeless and all comprehensive indolence; but the portentous activity of the Conquistadors compels a different conclusion. Galloping, fighting, exploring, and plundering all day, trenching and gambling half the night, they seemed more fatigue-proof than the legions who followed Cæsar to the conquest of Gaul, or the military enthusiasts who won the battles of Bonaparte in northern Italy and discussed the "*Contrât Social*" by the flicker of their camp-fires.

In less than fifty years, a few ill-provisioned brigades of

these busybodies explored and thoroughly subdued a territory as large as all Europe, and found time besides for mining enterprises and the entrenchment of several hundred forts and camps.

The truth is, that their energies had been specialized by centuries of concentration upon special pursuits. Fanatical border-wars had made them indefatigable guerillas and consummate masters of the art of living at the expense of their enemies, whose losses they compensated by smashing their skulls for the benefit of their souls. Secular drudgery had no claims upon the votaries of such enterprises, and the personal condition of the military friars almost justified the belief that uncleanness is next to godliness.

The identity of science and black art was a tenet that has left its after-effects upon the mental organism of true believers from Biscay to Granada, and at sight of a steam-harvester in full action, an old crone fell upon her knees and crossed herself, with the remark: — "They've been talking about Anti-christ: There he is now."

If Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," the Inquisition came very near silencing the nation's laughter altogether, to judge from the utter lack of the faculty for the perception of absurdities in customs and dogmas. Philip the Second built a granite coliseum to shrine the bones of St. Laurentius, and learning that a complete set of the same relics was for sale in a convent of southern Italy, concluded the bargain without a moment's hesitation, and ordered special thanksgiving solemnities to "signalize the favor of Fortune in vouchsafing him a duplicate." The chronicler Valverde gravely records a medley of witchcraft stories that almost defy burlesque, and a baker of Matanzas, Cuba, made a bid for clerical patronage by describing his shop as a "Panaderia de la Virgen del Pilar," but was eclipsed by a neighboring butcher who opened a "longiseria de la Purisima Conception," — "a sausage factory dedicated to the Immaculate Conception."

Yet here again, the sense of ridicule has been merely localized, and Sydney Smith himself could hardly have improved

a Spanish parody upon the charge of oppression, which the Cuban guerillas have already begun to prefer against their Yankee allies.

"Woe be the day," wails the West Indian Jeremiah, "when those narrow-minded barbarians landed upon our shores! The day before yesterday one of their bullies actually kicked a son of freedom whom he caught in the act of removing the personal estate of a Spanish miscreant." "Gangs of ruffians," he informs his sympathizers, "patrol the public highways and prevent us from reaping the just fruits of victory. Only a week ago the stronghold of an enemy of mankind, a Spanish real-estate pasha, was set afire, and friends of reform would have hailed the fiery beacon as a promise of better times; but a squad of our hyperborean oppressors rushed in to extinguish the flames. They were armed with sticks, and after seizing our emissary — but details are too painful to mention. Four of his assailants then laid hold of him, and Freedom shrieked when he fell out of a second-story window."

"Was it for this," he asks, "that we collected one million, two hundred and fifty thousand pesetas to bribe the politicians of that ruthless nation?"

And more recently the pious asides of a Presidential message inspired a Spanish playwright with a burlesque introducing "Brother Johnathan, tract-peddler and philanthropist." In an assembly of international representatives, the dealer in moral literature makes sundry attempts to come to close quarters, and finally puts one of his pamphlets under the nose of a stranger: "My dear fellow-pilgrim, will you oblige me with your explanation of this passage in the Apocalypse of St. John?" but at the same time reaches around to pick the pilgrim's pocket. With his striped forage-bag full of valuables, he then experiences a revival, but continues to filch wallet after wallet, while he joins in the hymn: "Hold the Fort, for I am coming."

There were, moreover, certain attributes of the old Roman-Gothic hero race which the Inquisition had no motive to suppress, and the bitterest enemies of Spain could not help

admiring the perseverance and passive fortitude of the patriots who rallied to encounter the unconquered veterans of the Corsican Cæsar. "*Hasta la ultima tapia*," — "resistance to the last loam-wall," — answered the defenders of Saragossa when Marshal Lannes threatened to shell their city into brick-dust. Three hundred years before, the same city had defied the mediæval Demetrius, Alfonso el Batallador, for nearly five years, till one morning the ramparts remained unmanned, — whereupon "the hostile forces entered without opposition, nearly all the inhabitants having died of hunger."

The Spanish hierarchy rather patronized poets: and in the modern Spaniards and their colonial descendants the "organ of sublimity" is developed far above the contemporary average. Sergeant Esterman, who passed a year in a Cuban bush-whacker camp, and owed his survival chiefly to his skill as a repairer of firearms, comments upon the strange contrast between the profanity of the Spanish Creoles, and their penchant for excursions to the summit-regions of poetic pathos. "Newcomers," he says, "are apt to be amazed at the remarks of natives combining courteous manners and generous, or even poetic, instincts, with a propensity for colloquial blackguardism that would startle the hostler of a Texas cowboy tavern. The vulgarians of our toughest western rowdy-camps could be stampeded by a literal translation of Spanish-American fire-side conversations." "Yet, to be just," he adds, "after volleys of blasphemies and portentous obscenities, Pancho Hernandez may redeem himself by an outburst of impromptu eloquence. 'The mountains are growling for having to shelter those infernal caitiffs,' said one of our sergeants, on hearing a thunder-storm boom through the gorges of a sierra where we had seen the watch-fire of a Spanish encampment. On a raid to the *vega* of San Carlos, one of our youngsters — the orphan of a Cuban veteran — was shot, and Lieutenant E. consigned his slayers to a hades with a long string of lurid synonyms, but all of a sudden became poetico-sentimental. 'Poor kid,' said he, 'I can't help thinking he was too merry-souled to die altogether, may be his spirit is flitting about whenever we are

out fishing and hunting; and' — he stopped to indulge in a reverie, and the muttered curses of his sympathizers sank to whispered comments — ghost stories largely predominating."

Talleyrand's sarcasm about "language serving to conceal our thoughts" was possibly suggested by the fact that silent nations are generally honest, and the contrast between the chattering Greek and taciturn Turk is not greater than that between the laconic Castilian and his gasconading neighbor. "*Buena noche, amigos*," — "good night, friends," was the only remark of a one-eyed Aragon fencing master, whose remaining eye had been extinguished by a blundering tyro. "They call me *Grande* in my father's house," said a Castilian nobleman whom Charles IV. had tried to quizz about his physical shortcomings, and even Spanish pariahs affect that breviloquence. "Are you not ashamed to beg?" Baron von Ense asked an Andalusian vagabond who had solicited the loan of a small copper coin, — "a big, stout fellow like you ought to stop loafing and go to work." "I didn't request your advice, sir," retorted the vagrant, "I asked you for a penny."

Palafos, who could not be accused of dealing in flatteries, remarked that he would "sooner believe a Spaniard on his word than an Italian on his oath," though he hastened to modify that compliment: "I do not pretend to say that I am proud of that," he added, "our folks are simply too lazy to lie, just as they are too lazy to steal." Yet the survival even of such negative virtues should not be undervalued in a country where the inculcation of intellectual dishonesty was carried to its most reckless extreme. "Up to the end of the sixteenth century," says Lecky, "every mental disposition which philosophy pronounces to be essential to a legitimate research was almost uniformly branded as a demerit, and a large number of intellectual vices were deliberately recommended as virtues. . . . Paganism was to be combated, and prophecies were forged, lying wonders were multiplied, and ceaseless calumnies poured upon those, who, like Julian, opposed the church. This tendency triumphed wherever the supreme importance of those dogmas was held. Generation

after generation it became more universal, it continued till the sense of truth and the very love of truth were blotted out from the minds of men."

The effects of that training were not wholly limited to metaphysical problems. There was a time when false witnesses could be hired at Seville for a dollar a piece (or in important cases for five dollars, *plus* a prepaid guarantee of absolution), and there is no doubt that the colonization of America and the intercourse with manful North-Caucasian neighbors, has exerted a reformatory influence in that respect.

As early as 1705 the Viceroy Gonzales expressed a confident expectation that "the dormant germs of ancient Gothic character-traits would revive in the soil of the New World, and thrive in the bracing atmosphere of the high tablelands," — a hope that has been justified in the record of such men as Porfirio Diaz and Simon Bolivar, and their intellectual superior, the Chilean hero-patriot Balmaceda, who devoted, and finally sacrificed, his life to the cause of reform, and for sixteen years swayed the destinies of his country as a dauntless champion of tolerance, free trade, industry, and secular education.

The "South American Jefferson" proceeded too far ahead of his age to keep many followers. The hope of post-mortem appreciation was his only reward, and his only recreations were the seclusion of his library and occasional mountain rambles with a young American friend, whose father had persistently declined to leave the freedom of his San Carlos highland ranch for the etiquette of the national capital.

And in a garret of that capital, at the brink of voluntary death, and with the approaching howls of bestialized bigots ringing in his ears, Manuel Balmaceda took his farewell of the world and of that San Carlos friend in two lines which for grace and pathos stand unrivaled in the literature of the last twenty centuries:

My dear little Diogenes:
I step out of your Sunlight.

Generations may pass before his birthland can hope to look upon his like again, but his motto, "Light and Liberty," may yet become the load-star of the Spanish-American nations.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE FAILURE OF THE DEATH PENALTY.

BILLS are now pending before the Massachusetts legislature and elsewhere, having, for their object the abolition, or the qualification, of the death penalty. On this account, publication of material pertinent to this question, although gathered for another purpose, would seem to be opportune. The domestic data were collected by G. J. Bergen and F. M. Archer, of the New Jersey bar; those of foreign countries are taken from the report of the Hon. N. M. Curtis to the fifty-fourth congress.

The number of domestic jurisdictions is forty-nine, including that of congress, in which a bill for the qualification of the death penalty has passed the house and awaits action by the senate. The remaining forty-eight are exactly divided, twenty-four retaining the death penalty for murder of the first degree, and twenty-four having adopted a substituted penalty either absolutely, or at the discretion of the court or jury. The jurisdictions that still retain capital punishment without qualification are: Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

Those in which the death penalty is abolished are: Colorado, Maine, Michigan, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin.

Those in which life imprisonment may be substituted for death by the verdict of the jury are: Alabama, Arizona, California impose life imprisonment for the intermediate degree, leaving

fornia, South Dakota, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Mississippi, Nebraska, Ohio, Oklahoma, and South Carolina.

Those in which a like discretion is given to the trial court are : Minnesota, New Mexico, North Dakota, and Texas. In Utah, the court may exercise this discretion provided the jury so recommend.

It appears, therefore, that the death penalty is absolute in twenty-four jurisdictions : that it has been abolished in five, and qualified in nineteen.

The following abstract from Mr. Curtis's report shows the state of legislation in foreign countries : Capital punishment is retained in Austria, China, Columbia, Denmark, Ecuador, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Haiti, Hawaii, Honduras, Japan, Corea, Siberia, Mexico, Persia, Peru, Siam, Spain, Sweden, and Turkey.

It has been abolished or qualified in the Argentine Republic, Belgium, Brazil, Chili, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Holland, Italy, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Switzerland (in eight cantons), and Venezuela.

From the same report are taken these figures showing the number of homicides in the United States in 1880, and for the years 1891-95 :

1880	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895
4,290	5,906	6,791	6,615	9,800	10,500

Referring to our own domestic data, two points are notable,—first, that already fifty per cent. of all our legislatures have qualified the imposition of the death penalty; and second, that in but five has it been entirely abolished. It will appear from this that the law-makers have been guided by practical considerations rather than by sentiment or theory, for it is to be observed that the effect of the interposition of a qualified penalty between that of death absolute and that of imprisonment for a term of years, is practically to make three degrees of murder, thereby enabling the jury that tries the cause to reserve the death penalty for the highest crimes ; to

common law, murder to be punished by imprisonment for a term.

The reason for this new division of murder is to be found in the fact that early in the history of our criminal jurisprudence the judicial construction that was placed upon the words "premeditated and deliberate" which together with "wilful" describe the crime of murder of the first degree, was such as practically to eliminate their force and to leave the crime little if anything more than "wilful." To the prefix "pre" the narrowest meaning was given, while to the expressive word "deliberate" no effect at all was given. The picture suggested by a word compounded of "*libra*," *the scales*, and "*de*," *down*, is that of weighing a matter—the attitude of mind in which one side of the scales goes down. The illustrations that precede in most statutes the descriptive words are "by means of *poison* or by *lying in wait* or by any other kind" of wilful, deliberate, and premeditated killing. To confuse the taking of human life in this state of mind with the infliction of a mortal hurt under an almost instantaneously conceived purpose is ethically to obliterate a most significant distinction—to restore which is the unquestioned, though perhaps unconscious, object of the legislation in question.

Another eminently practical consideration is the stand that is constantly and increasingly being taken by juries against finding a verdict of murder of the first degree upon circumstantial evidence when the death penalty is to follow. It may be urged that the position taken by juries in this respect is illogical, since the effect is to absolve from punishment in exact proportion to the successful secrecy with which a crime has been concealed. But the fact remains, that juries refuse to convict when all that stands between the prisoner and the gallows is the major and minor premise of a syllogism. It is useless to argue; juries will find the most absurd verdicts of insanity where none exists; will find second degree where it is legally inconceivable—will, if necessary, acquit where they believe the prisoner to be guilty; but they will not take the responsibility of inflicting a punish-

ment resting upon the correctness of their conclusion upon a train of circumstances that puts the man beyond the pale of restitution should new and modifying circumstances come to light. The result, is that the worst criminals escape under color of law, not because a reasonable doubt exists as to their guilt, but because of the unwillingness of juries, reasonable or unreasonable, to assume the responsibility in view of the sanguinary and irretrievable effect of their verdict.

It is not the object of this paper to advocate or even to discuss the abolition of capital punishment—yet even for that there is the authority of the world's greatest reformers. There was one who came not to destroy the law but to fulfil, who left no scrap of manuscript, and yet who once with his finger wrote on the sand. What he wrote can be known only by what he said—which was that the old law was superseded; for the old law was—"Let her be stoned to death!"

C. G. GARRISON.

Camden, N. J.

GOD HELP.

"Curse God and die"—death visits flesh alone;
 The curse God will not hear: The soul must live.
 Cursings, revilements, chafings nor deceits
 Weakeneth not the word of Fate's decree.
 Bound in rebellious, ignorant flesh
 That drags the soul unwilling from the clouds
 To lay her in the dust of earth, God help
 To save her from the net of low desire
 And rescue from the mesh of Time; God help
 To heal the wounds and aid her rise again,—
 Again to seek her own beyond the skies.

HARRY DOUGLAS ROBINS.

THE LEAGUE FOR SOCIAL SERVICE.

EVERY reform nowadays has its separate organization, and organizations accordingly increase and multiply.

The new League for Social Service, which was incorporated in New York City, last August, does not intend merely to add one more to the many societies working along sociological lines, but rather to gather up the threads of the already existing organizations and make them more effective. It aims to perform in its own field that work which a clearing-house does in the commercial world. To be effective, it was essential that the League should have at its head the very best men, and no one looking at the names on its committee of direction and advisory council, will doubt that it has succeeded. The committee of direction comprises Washington Choate, D.D., Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, William B. Howland, John W. Kjelgaard, Robert C. Ogden, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*, and Mornay Williams.

The advisory council consists of well-known people in every section of the country, whose interest in the work is greater than the mere support of their names, and by whose experience along various lines the League gains considerably. Following are the names:— Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago; Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, President of the Mothers' Congress; Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, Miss Clare de Graffenried, of the Bureau of Labor, Washington; Pres. H. B. Frissell, D.D., of Hampton University; Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century*; Rev. Washington Gladden, LL.D., Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, LL.D., Bishop of Central New York, Rev. Wm. R. Huntington D.D. rector of Grace Church, Bishop John F. Hurst, LL.D., Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., Mr. John H. Patterson, of Dayton, Ohio; Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, LL.D., Bishop

of New York; Rev. Richard S. Storrs, LL.D., Rev. Kerr B. Tupper, LL.D., and Bishop John H. Vincent, LL.D., of Chautauqua. The president of the League is Dr. Josiah Strong, and its treasurer, Spencer Trask.

An English essayist says that "a large part of the mission of the wise is to counteract the efforts of the good." The best intentions are a very incomplete outfit for philanthropy. Untrained goodness may be quite as mischievous as well-schooled villainy. Efforts at social amelioration must be intelligent, if they are to be successful — head and heart must work together. It is high time for "the good" to become "the wise."

The increasing recognition of existing evils, and the growing sense of personal responsibility for them, are shown by the many thousands of organizations of men, of women, and of youths, which have sprung up within a few years. These organizations are learning, each one, from their own successes and failures: ought they not to learn much from the experience of each other? The League for Social Service aims to afford a medium through which such knowledge may be gathered and disseminated — to serve as a sort of social clearing-house.

These many organizations have their separate and specific objects, some aiming to improve material conditions, others fixing their attention on social, political, intellectual, moral, or spiritual. We are beginning to learn that physical, intellectual, and moral ills are about as closely interrelated as are body, soul, and spirit, and that the evils in one sphere cannot be removed so long as the ills in the others remain. The League for Social Service aims ultimately to become a connecting link by means of which the various organizations in a community, aiming at social betterment, may act together for the accomplishment of ends which more or less directly concern them all.

The object of the League is the gathering of information regarding everything that tends to the social betterment of humanity, and to disseminate facts by means of its bureau of information, league leaflets, and the lecture bureau. For

example, in a large city like New York, movements like the Mills Hotel, the Neighborhood House, founded by Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, a Parish House like St. Bartholomew's, and the settlements, should serve as object lessons to other men and women of wealth to do likewise. Detailed information regarding these and kindred efforts, the League will supply through the bureau of information, as well as indicate the sources of information on all topics requiring bibliographical material.

Among recent inquiries, was a request for a bibliography on industrial progress in the nineteenth century; an inquiry from a foreigner in the country district, how to become a citizen; a student wished sources of information on tendencies in American politics, and a mill owner in Georgia wished suggestions as to what forms of recreation he might introduce in his milling community. For members in the League, the economy of time and effort in this kind of service is apparent.

Frequently a comparison of what other countries are doing is of great value to students of social problems. Co-operation as foreign correspondents has been secured from the following men: London, Sidney Webb, London County Council, Robert Donald, Hon. W. S. Caine; Paris, Musée Social; Budapest, Dr. Eugen Farkas; Germany, Chemnitz, Hon. J. C. Monaghan; Ireland, Dublin, Rt. Hon. Horace Plunkett, M. P.; Japan, Osaka, Kotaro Shimomura, Ph. D.; Denmark, Copenhagen, Victor Holmes; Sweden, Stockholm, Hon. Edward Wavrinsky; Holland, Delft, J. C. Van Marken; New Zealand, Hon. H. H. Lusk.

The League Leaflets consist of about two thousand five hundred words, on present day problems, written by men and women who are recognized authorities on the subjects discussed by them. Many of these leaflets will be illustrated for the sake of winning attention, which the popular treatment will reinforce.

Other leaflets are more academic in character, and appeal to men and women of trained intelligence. It is the plan that leaflets will be prepared to reach all classes in the community, they will also be translated into different languages, when

required by the immigrant population. Ten leaflets have already been prepared, written by Edward Everett Hale, Washington Gladden, Dr. Josiah Strong, Bishop Huntington, and others. Summaries of the laws of New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Iowa, and Maine have been prepared. Forthcoming leaflets will be written by Prof. W. T. Hewett, and Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell; Rt. Hon. James Bryce, and Dr. Lyman Abbott, will write on a subject of international importance. Other equally eminent writers have promised co-operation.

The League's lecture bureau contains a nucleus of fourteen hundred lantern slides on present-day problems, like Public Baths, Small Parks, the Waring System of Street Cleaning, the George Jr., Republic, The Institutional Church, The New York Municipal Department of Police, Health, and Docks. Other subjects are being added. An ounce of picture is worth a ton of talk. By means of this illustrated material, women's clubs, labor unions, charity organization societies, village improvement societies, and the young peoples' societies in the various churches, can show their respective committees how they may be made better places to live in. Mayors, and other public officials will be enabled to inform themselves, as well as their constituents, what are the essentials of an up-to-date municipality.

The League is desirous of securing a point of contact with existing organizations, that it may co-operate with them for the general welfare. Its purpose is not to supplant, but to supplement them. It is non-partisan and non-sectarian; it asks no subscription to any constitution, nor adherence to any line of policy, but desires to help the co-operating organization.

It is suggested that any society whose working guide is the Golden Rule, either implied or expressed, should add a department or a committee, to be known as that of "Social Service," with a secretary, who shall be the point of contact between the co-operating organization and the League.

WILLIAM H. TOLMAN,

New York.

(Secretary.)

POSSIBILITIES OF THE MORAL LAW.

IN these days of escape from the bondage of conservative philosophy, there is much fast and loose playing with the moral sense. This must be evident to all who have considered the implications of the now widely accepted statement, "All is good; there is no evil." The same comment applies to most systems of Oriental mysticism, in part to Theosophy, and to Pope's oft-quoted saying, "whatever is, is right." Moreover, physical science in a measure inculcates the same unethical view of things; this is true, in fact, of any mechanical theory, of any philosophy that inculcates fatalism.

From one point of view, such a doctrine means the entire negation of morality, and its precepts are utterly dangerous and reprehensible. Yet those who advocate the doctrine are generally people of strongest religious faith; those whose lives exemplify a highly commendable trust in the ultimate goodness of things. There must then be a deep truth in their religion, and they would undoubtedly scorn the idea that their doctrine gives the lie to morality. Let us, therefore, examine this precept, "all is good," to determine in what sense it contains truth, and eliminate from it its negation of the moral law.

In the preceding discussion entitled, "Has Life a Meaning?"* I have contended that the only justification for human life is the power of individual action, the presence of responsibility, the series of possibilities which our experience offers not only to do right, but to do wrong; the opportunity freely to choose the ethical life, thereby adding something to the moral republic of God. Man, I have tried to show, is not merely a natural product, not the mechanical resultant of the past, nor even the creature of his present desires; but a part of his life is always indetermined; he acts anew for

* See the February *ARENA*, p. 162.

and by himself; he is, in part, the shaper of his destiny, fashioning his life by choice, will, or love; and his feelings and ideas are made dynamic, not merely by choosing, but by actualizing them. Life, therefore, has a meaning; it is of absolute ethical value; it is inspired by an "ought to be." We are not to regard the universe from the point of view of some fixedly determined Absolute, who has decreed all things, but to look upon life from the relative standpoint, believing in the immanent God of evolution, who lives, moves, and has his being with us, putting opportunities and possibilities before us, and granting us freedom to accept or reject them.

From this point of view, the real purpose of life is of course the continuous revelation of the Spirit, whose ultimate ideal is not only to attain the universal moral goal, but spiritually to perfect all humanity. Yet the important fact, the meaning of life for each of us, is man's action in reference to this purposive activity of God, the question whether man is conscious of his share in the creative endeavor, whether he is antagonizing or harmonizing his life with it. For even if the power of God be found such that submission is the wisest course in life, if we conclude that the highest spiritual life is obedience to the Father's will; this submission or co-operation is voluntary; it calls for action on our part. Whether we deem him a God of hate, or a Spirit of love, the need of action is still imperative. If God so adapts life that spirituality shall make the strongest appeal, — we cannot very well deem any other life acceptable — still, the acceptance is an act of will. And the fact that man is not simply a foreordained center of reaction in favor of righteousness, is perfectly clear from the widespread prevalence of, and undeniable interest in, unrighteousness; from the fact that we feel ourselves responsible. In any case, therefore, we are called upon personally to act. All precepts must accordingly take account of this fact of responsibility, the need of personal action, and be adapted to the contingencies of moral and spiritual evolution. And the real test of any precept is

the question, May it safely be applied universally? Is it morally safe as a universal law? Does it take account of all the factors in life, and ethically apply to finite choice and action?

The above being accepted as the fundamental purpose of life; namely, the choice and realization of an ethical ideal, it follows that at the foundation of the consciousness in us that "makes for righteousness" lie certain distinctions between right and wrong. Without such discriminations, there would be neither ethics nor morality. It is because whatever is, is not yet right, but may and ought to become so, that I am called upon to obey the moral law, to ask: "What is the purpose of God?" If we ought to conquer and obey, we can do so, as Kant has shown. If we can do right, there is freedom to do wrong; the universe recognizes our right of choice. Faith that the right will ultimately triumph, can only mean that I will its triumph; a faith that I am called on to prove by works; not that God decrees it, despite me. There would otherwise be no ground for achievement at all. For he who believes in the moral ideal, necessarily disbelieves fatalism, and with it the monistic, pessimistic philosophy which acceptance of it implies.

It is not enough to say with Professor Royce* "that unless I, in my private capacity will what harmonizes with the Absolute Will. . . . I shall be overruled by the other wills that [in that case despite me] harmonize in the whole." I must discover the lack of harmony, and choose the remedy for it myself, in order to be truly moral. Kant taught the absolute autonomy of the moral reason — "causality with freedom." Not that we are given a part to play, and will be curbed if we do not play it, for this would still leave room to doubt that we possess real freedom, but that we are left freely, out of love for the moral law, to contribute our share of righteousness.

In order to enforce these conclusions, let us see what would follow if it were true that "whatever is, is right." If so, the liar does right when he utters a falsehood; the thief when he steals, and the murderer when he kills. You have excused

* "The Conception of God," p. 274.

the entire world of sinners. "Forgive them, they know not what they do." But it is because the sinner should have done better that we condemn his deed. Forgiveness implies no sanction of wrong-doing, no escape from its penalties, save in so far as by ceasing from evil-doing, we no longer incur its natural consequences and penalties. Regret, so far as a deed is unethical, is well-founded; dissatisfaction with an immoral deed implies that it ought to have been otherwise; that what was, was not right, and we intend to prevent its repetition. Consequently, instead of defending the past as right or good, because "it happened and must have been right," our endeavor should be to discover the errors, the lessons of history. For it was not God alone who acted, it was also man. Man in process of evolution does partly right and partly wrong.

Only on the supposition that an all-wise God alone exists, that God alone acts, that there are no ethical selves at all, can we say, "All was right." It is unwarranted assumption, therefore, to say that the conditions in which we now find ourselves, are the wisest possible conditions, or that in the past our life has been as wise as it could be. We may believe this, but we do not know it. Only omniscience could know how far our action is wisest, how far it emanates from ourselves, and to what degree it comes from God. A perfect being alone could make the wisest use of circumstances, and who shall claim perfection? Circumstances may have a wiser lesson to teach, they may be such as to bring only good, if perchance we are enlightened enough to learn their lesson or discover their goodness. But the wisest circumstances, those which are wholly good, will naturally gravitate to us only when we are wise and good enough to invite them. For, remember, that man acts and reacts, and life has such worth or meaning for him as his own state of development makes possible. Life is for him what his own activity and wisdom make it. While he is imperfect, his life is imperfect, his thought is imperfect, and the circumstances he gathers about him are such as his imperfect state draws to a focus. Life shall become wholly good and wise to the degree that he learns the distinctions upon which our moral conscious-

ness insists. It shall be wholly good only when, instead of accepting circumstances as the wisest and best, he discovers that some are bad, some good, some better, and best ; while the truly good is not the circumstance, but the moral and spiritual life which makes it so. Thus right-thinking, wise action shall make things good ; for goodness and wisdom come from within, where the moral law obtains ; all moral estimates are inclusive of the worth of the individual.

From a mechanical point of view, it may be true that even a murder is a natural consequence or necessity of circumstance ; for, physically speaking, a man may not be above it. But the physical man is not the whole man ; circumstance is not the whole of life. Man has powers of thought, and is a moral agent. He did not think, you allege. Aye, but he ought to have thought. Moreover, the world teems with crimes committed by those, who, like the murderer of the Austrian empress, carefully planned a deed and gloated over it when it was done. There is surely no room for doubt here. Circumstance is never an excuse for crime, although circumstances may explain the conditions of crime.

It may, however, be urged that whatever is, is right from an absolute point of view ; that God is good, that his manifestations are good, and, therefore, "all is good." But this is pantheism. All is not God, from the moral point of view ; for there are ethical selves ; there is right and wrong. Furthermore, what have we to do with an absolute point of view ? what do we know about it except theoretically, as a mere abstraction or ideal ? All our knowledge is relative ; we are concerned with the actual state of man today. If the universe is to be understood concretely, that is, from the fact that man acts, the relative is the only real point of view, the absolute is hypothetical. Every attempt to define it, simply reveals the limitations of the one who essays it. To affirm that the absolute is true now, while the relative is illusory, is like asserting that we are on the mountain-summit, when, in truth, we are still in the valley. It is rational to keep the summit in mind as a probability of attainment, but we are concerned with the next step in the endeavor to attain it, and

we shall know what the summit is like only when we actually stand upon it. The rational man knows only the laws of evolution, the concrete world, and the immanent God of evolution. If there were an absolute point of view, only an Absolute could know it. Besides, if there be an Absolute, it must be in harmony with the relative, or human standpoint, otherwise right and wrong, and human action would have no real meaning. Once more, therefore, the relative point of view is our only true one. The concrete world is the real world. From our only possible point of view all is not yet good. There are necessary distinctions of lower and higher, and these are kept up, are of worth to God. Our moral precepts should therefore recognize these distinctions: we are morally bound to judge all men in accordance with the highest standards we know, and since all men are moral agents, the least we can attribute to the lowest of them is some consciousness of lower and higher, the conflict of selves; occasional servitude to the one, and occasional obedience to the other.

As an illustration of the current disregard of moral distinctions, take the "charity" so commonly advocated nowadays. It is asserted that people do as well as they know, that their acts follow from what they are, or "they are not developed to see farther." Now, as highly commendable as this charity is, from one point of view — and I am not arguing for unforgiveness — from an ethical standpoint it means, if taken literally, neglect of the ideals that happen to be beyond present attainment; the denial of the moral law. If people do not know better than they do, all is fate, all is mechanism, there is no ideal realm, there is no hope. Such charity "covereth a multitude of sins" in the wrong sense. We could offer no greater prayer than that people should do, or begin to do, as well as they know; that is all the moral law asks of us. I am justly displeased with myself only so far as I fail to be true to the best I know. All that people show me is not good. I am to discern, use my moral judgment, now helping by explaining and loving, now by unqualifiedly condemning — not the man — but the deed he does.

Still, it is maintained by the advocate of this unqualified charity, there should be no censure. But how are we ever to help our fellows if we accept everything they do as right? What would happen in society at large if men held this view in regard to crime?

In order to put this doctrine to the test, I once asked a believer in "all is good," what he would say to the harlot. "That she does right; I would love her," was the reply. I then drew a worse picture of degradation; namely, the reprobate who consciously deceives and ruins the innocent young girl. Even then my opponent would admit no wrong, alleging that the experience might make for the spiritual development of the girl! If this conclusion were to be accepted, it would be perfectly legitimate to do evil that good might come. Even wilful lying is good, because liars "learn" something from it.

Questioning my opponent further, I learned that he did not deplore evil at all. He compared the alleged wrong-doer to a green apple. But, if man is in reality no higher in type than the vegetable organism, all our moral consciousness is an illusion, the mechanical theory of the universe is true, and the philanthropists, unselfishly laboring to lift man from his degraded state, are doing wrong to interfere.

I then appealed, at last, to the ethical standard of Kant; namely, that we accept that deed as right or moral which we will to see all men performing. Applying this standard, that which one believed right in the reprobate's life, one would like to see all men doing. If it be right in one instance wilfully to deceive the innocent, it is right in all. Here, again, I made no progress, for "all is good," I was told. My opponent would accept no moral standard. He would not trace the effect of his doctrine upon society. He appealed simply to the individual "feeling" of what is right, which he deemed of as much value as all the ethical philosophy in the world. Accordingly, I found this man affirming of a wrong done him by another, "all is good," and declaring the same of his own mistake; these deeds were good because they occurred.

One could but admire his spirit of love and good will. But, unmasked, here at last was the basis of his spiritual faith, the elevation of private feeling above all moral standards, the utter disregard of all distinctions of lower and higher, and contentment with every thought and deed, as good, or at least a greater as opposed to a "lesser right."

Yet it is a fundamental principle of our moral nature that we must recognize a higher prompting than personal feeling; that we must consider other ideals besides the spiritual. If I am ethically quickened in the least degree, I must admit that all is not good in myself. If there is a lesser right and a greater right, there is a wrong also. All may become good, if I become aware of the wrong, and choose the higher prompting. All occurrences may have a good side, but it remains for me to see the possibility, and turn it to good account.

For all we know, some events may have happened which were downright mistakes; the worst possible deeds. It is difficult to understand how evil could become more vile than in the crimes constantly committed in our large cities in support of licentiousness. To excuse such crimes in the slightest degree, is utterly wrong and reprehensible. The fact that they continue shows at how low a grade of ethical thinking, humanity still stands.

Yet the fact that we call a crime an evil and not a good, does not mean that we may not love and help the evil-doer; it does not mean any less faith in the power behind all evolution. Our charity may be as strong as ever, but it must be wise. We may sometimes be as helpful by revealing a man to himself, as by holding up an ideal. If the reprobate could know the full import of his crime, the terrible burden put upon the one he wrongs, upon society, and upon himself, would it not be the best event that could befall him? Do we not rather need to come to judgment, than to please ourselves by contemplating self-complacent ideals? Does not the fuller judgment include both what we are, and what we ought to be? In a word, is not this coming to judgment a

needed part of the system of evolution whose laws we believe to be beneficent, whose ideals we deem good?

The critic may answer that "all is good" which I attract; it is "needed" for my development; it is "sent" to me by the divine Father. Am I then passively to accept whatever comes; to use no discernment? Rather say, that if I am undeveloped, my deeds may attract that which will work my harm. I must, therefore, use my judgment. I must learn the moral and intellectual lessons of experience, when judged by the highest standards. I must so purify myself that I shall invite only the pure. "All things work together for good for them *who love the Lord*." One may safely allow the power of attraction to operate only when one's life is dedicated unqualifiedly to truth and virtue. Previous to that stage, the acceptance of whatever comes, simply because it comes, may lead one into innumerable difficulties. Again, it is assumed by many that all that we are to become is enfolded within, and that education simply develops and brings out what is latent. But this is true only as a possibility. The real result of education depends upon the conscious direction we give our tendencies; what we select and will to survive. A human being is at first only a bundle of possibilities, some of which must be chosen and some rejected.

Or, it is asserted that we are doomed to work out, or atone for, a long roll of past karma. Is it so? If I chance to come to judgment, is my past life fated to rule my present, so that no effort of mine will avail to change it? This would imply that I am a machine, that nothing is ethically demanded of me. Rather say, if I become conscious of higher ideals, if I become wiser, yesterday may have little connection with today; for I may come to judgment, I may will to make today a turning point in life, so that even my friends shall marvel at the change. Have we not all known instances where young people have made this astonishing change, when the "soul's awakening" came, when a shiftless life suddenly became a life of great usefulness, in a new direction, a direction entirely contrary to what the past life tended to make it?

Karma is true, but it is only half the story. Those who emphasize karma are apt to overlook chance, really the most important aspect of our moral life. Their vision is generally turned toward the past; or they are striving to avoid another incarnation; whereas the believer in chance looks toward the future: he is thinking not so much of what has been as of what may be; he is not concerned with fate and necessity, but with freedom and possibility. And no man can serve two masters. If the thought be absorbed in what one must suffer, there is a tendency toward resignation, similar to that inspired by the old orthodoxy: "I must suffer this because God sent it." Furthermore, the advocates of the hypothesis of reincarnation usually accept the law of rebirth as a fact which is no longer open to question. It is a dreary, dismal, unprogressive world into which such a theory invites us.

According to another equally conservative philosophy, it is affirmed that God foresaw and chose the course of each soul once for all, because his perfect knowledge included all possibilities. But "why, if one act of knowledge from one point can take in the total perspective, with all mere possibilities abolished, should there ever have been aught more than that? Why duplicate it by the tedious unrolling, inch by inch, of the foredone reality?"*

No, we must have novelty, possibility, chance, if we are to have independent moral life, or any life of consequence at all. Whatever is, is both right and wrong. But whatever is right ideally, all that is good in possibility, may be made right or good actually by choosing and doing it. "Each detail must come, and be actually given, before in any special sense it can be said to be determined at all."

Is it not then clear that any statement like "whatever is, is right" must be rejected in so far as it annihilates distinctions and disregards the moral law? But, if you admit this deficiency, if you reserve a place in your thought for moral principles, the moral philosopher is ready to believe as con-

* Prof. James, "The Will to Believe," p. 271.

fidently as any one in the potentiality of the good, in the ultimate goodness of God and his universe.

"'All is good' means all is growth," says a recent writer. But even this modification is not worthy of unqualified ethical acceptance, for if all is to be growth, we must first select that which is worthy of growth; it must be rightly understood and developed. Thus understood, namely, in the light of moral evolution, one is ready to admit that the spirit, the intent of this precept has accomplished great good, by teaching that every tendency in man may be turned into good. From this point of view, the body is good; every part of it, every function is good. But its use results in good only when its functions are understood: *it is good only in its place*. That place man has learned to recognize only through mistakes, the mistakes of the monastic life, the erroneous doctrine that the entire human world is fallen and depraved, that all materiality is vanity and vexation of spirit.

It is easy to account for the rise of this doctrine that "all is good, there is no evil." It is a reaction from the extreme orthodox position, that man is a "poor miserable sinner," that the physical life is vile, and that there can be no good in us except as the only-begotten son who died for us, redeems and uplifts us. One rejoices in the escape from the bondage of pessimistic theology; one readily understands why, as a result of this escape, one exclaims in gladness, "all is good." It is a hymn to God, a burst of praise, of joy, and hope. But when enthusiasm gives place to thoughtfulness, one modifies the hymn by affirming that all shall become good, all may be saved, everything may be lifted and purified. All's well that ethically ends well. All things are good when viewed in right relations. The universe at heart remains unhurt.* That is good which is good universally.

But certain combinations of notes always produce a discord. Out of all those who say, This is good, or, That is good; Two and three make four, or, Three and three make four, only one is right: namely, the man who says, Two and two are

* I shall develop this thought in a later article in this series.

four. As President Eliot said in his recent address on the function of education in democratic society: "Every child should be taught that what is virtue in one human being, is virtue in any group of human beings, large or small—a village, a city, or a nation; that the ethical principles which should govern our empire are precisely the same as those which should govern an individual; and that selfishness, greed, falseness, brutality, and ferocity are as hateful and degrading in a multitude as they are in a single savage."

"The first element of morality," says James Freeman Clarke,* "is not only primal but universal. It is one and the same thing, wherever it exists. The sense of an eternal distinction between right and wrong, and of the eternal obligation to do what is right, and to refuse to do what is wrong, must be the same in the child as in the archangel."

It is no argument, therefore, to insist that, "the moral law is overruled by the spiritual." It is not a law, nor is it moral, unless it is true on all planes, everywhere, and at all times. To contend that it applies to "the external," while love applies to the inner world, is an equally futile attempt to deny its universality. The degree of morality may change and be transcended, the social conscience varies from age to age. But morality is ethics in practice; it represents the degree of moral consciousness attained by a given generation. The moral law does not dictate the details of morality; it decrees that there shall be morality. It imposes an ought, saying to man, Of the two or more courses open before you at a given time, choose the one which conscience emphasizes as right, the higher, the wiser. There may be a thousand oughts of which we are now unconscious, which further enlightenment will reveal. But they are still right, and in due season moral enlightenment will come. Meanwhile, it is impossible to deny the fact that we are at present aware of moral obligation, and that however far we may progress, there will still be a course we ought to pursue.

However dark and doubtful the present, it always holds an

* "Ten Great Religions." Vol. II, p. 282.

ought; there is a deed for us to do. Suffice it now that we know this; when tomorrow comes, the new duty will come with it.

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act tomorrow what he learns today.

If your spiritual life, which you say is higher than morality is really higher, it is righteousness; it is a life we ought to pursue. The term "higher" implies ethics; it involves choice. And what deed of the spiritual life could be higher than self-renunciation, the choice of the Father's will, the entire dedication of self to the great ought-to-be of God? What is the Father's will, if it be not the height of morality, that which ought to be obeyed? If there is nothing higher, it is impossible that the moral law can be overruled; the summit of spirituality and the height of morality are the same. You may have a lower form of morality without a high degree of spirituality. A lower form of spirituality is possible, where unethical statements like, "all is good" are made. But the perfection of the one is the perfection of the other. Never until human experience shall cease will there cease to be a lower and a higher. There is always a beyond, just as there are higher forms of mathematics than twice two are four, higher in the sense of being more complex. But in these more complex forms two and two are still four. The law is absolute, imperative, eternal. God himself cannot make it otherwise. It is an expression of the nature of God. For by the term God, we mean the perfect Being, he who knows the right, who is so moral, that all knowledge, all thought, all conduct is of this precise, perfect type; it is complete righteousness. The existence of an ideal, of a purpose in the universe and in human life, shows that God himself deems some things right, some wrong, that a certain ideal or purpose ought to be realized, while all other possibilities should be excluded. Thus the moral law springs from the nature of God, it is an eternal aspect of his being, as much a part of him, as essential and as high as love. For love is perfect,

when it is not only wise, but right. The law of love is ethical. Love, or the spirit, is the fulfilling of the law which regulates what ought to be. Love is the motive, law is the method, and wisdom the guide.

It is clear, then, that the acceptance of ethical distinctions, as the basis of conduct worthy of man, has a marked effect upon that phase of life commonly known as spiritual. For the spiritual man is apt to be good-natured or non-resistant to a fault; he is the one who has said, "Whatever is, is right," "All is good." He is usually submissive, receptive. He is heard to speak even of evil as "good in the making," neglectful of the false conclusion which follows from this, namely, that one may then do evil that good may come. Illness is often looked upon as an "affliction" which must be patiently borne; all suffering is alleged to mean "progress," and is therefore deemed good. There is also a tendency to overlook intellectual distinctions, to be vague, careless in the care of property, and careless in business methods; inaccurate, unsystematic, mystical. Of course, if one has decided that the moral law is "overruled," it is a logical procedure to be inaccurate, even dishonest, while contracting debts without knowing how one can possibly meet them, and practising methods to which a business man, if honest, would not stoop. But true spirituality is entirely consistent with righteous financial methods. The dogma that the intellect is secondary, is responsible for much of the confusion of thought which has recently obtained. But what standard should govern our powers of expression, if not intellect? How can business be conducted except upon business principles? Is not the theory that all this is of the "external," a relic of the middle ages, when the body was looked upon as evil? And is not this dogma responsible for the unethical thinking which has crept into current thought?

Rather say, then, that instead of setting aside the moral law, the spiritual man should raise life and thought to its high standard, that the conscience of spiritual communities must be educated. Nothing short of acute intellectual

analysis can accomplish this: the persistent question, What is right? What ought I to do?

I do not wish to throw any discredit upon the spiritual life, but to free it, if possible, from the suspicion that it is not truly ethical; that it engenders easy-going thought, a tendency which, if continued, would lead to the degeneration of our moral consciousness. It is well, also, to ask, in passing, How far is it right or wise to be non-resistant? It is possible that by leaving a wrong to right itself, one may suffer long after the trouble might have ceased, had one taken active measures against it. Suffering may, in some cases, mean progress, and in others temporary retrogression, requiring the reverse of non-resistance. He alone shall continually progress in the spiritual life who is ever watchful, who constantly maintains his hold upon the spiritual ideal, since it is easy to retrograde, if one becomes careless in thought and action.

It may be argued that retrogression is really progress. By many it is nowadays deemed wrong to admit the possibility of failure. But degeneracy leads to progress, only when one learns its lesson, and once more becomes continually on the alert. Considered in itself, it is retrogression, and is not to be concealed under soft names. Moreover, if there are no failures, "whatever is, is right"; there is no moral order; we have no need to exert ourselves that things may not go wrong, but may calmly float along the stream of life, wherever fate drives us. But, in truth, there are failures; otherwise we are not morally free. Failures will teach their lesson only when recognized as such. It is egotistical assumption to say that we have never failed. Humility, not assertion of infallibility and perfection, shall open the door to growth. The true power and meaning of a force or faculty of our nature is understood only in the light of what it can do and what it cannot do. The admission of failure as a factor in our experience would lead us to ask, Why did we fail? Why did intuition prove inadequate? For the fact that there is a divine moving does not imply that it is always discovered and obeyed.

In the fuller consciousness we are made aware both of defects and of higher standards. But the defect is always a defect; the evil does not become good. Yet, side by side with the wrong consciousness, the evil deed, may come the consciousness that it is evil. The good is known by contrast; thus the purpose of evil in a moral universe is shown. The universe is good because evil is always bad, because it is never good, and never can become good: two and two never become three. It is not evil that leads to good; it is the coincident consciousness of its utter wrong, the discovery of what it is, and its utter rejection.

Having once attained a high moral level, is it possible to retrograde? Obviously, yes, else man is not free. Every sin is degeneration. Do not, therefore, say of me that I *could* not do wrong. For if I could not, I should be immoral; my inheritance, temperament, and moral enlightenment may be such as to render wrong-doing extremely improbable. The chances are that I shall not lie, I shall not steal, nor am I likely to commit murder. For what I am today, that is, the result of past moral choice and endeavor, precludes these possibilities. But circumstances might arise in which I should deny my conscience and do wrong. I am free to do so. It may be God's desire, God's hope, that I shall not. But if he willed that I could not, he would not be granting me freedom. "A brute I might have been, but would not sink in the scale."

There is both God's will and my will. I may continue in my way, or I may choose his way. The choice is pure matter of chance. But, having chosen, I necessarily reap according to my sowing; for otherwise the moral order would not be an order, but a chaos. I cannot escape the results of my own acts. Here I am bound; but I can choose that other results shall come, and thus gradually progress. I am neither forced down hill nor up. The fact that karma is true, that I must reap as I sow, does not show whether I shall fall back or progress, morally speaking; for moral progress is absolutely an affair of choice.

That God grants such freedom that millions of people may remain about the same for centuries, history clearly shows. The Chinaman may be conservative, if he wishes; the Mohammedan may continue to practise the morally atrocious religion of the sword; the miserable Sultan is permitted to slay *one hundred thousand* innocent Armenians—one of the greatest crimes of history—while the Christian nations are allowed to stand by in apathy, when, forsooth, their selfish interests are at stake. What better evidence could one ask that we are free?

If now you contend that God designed the Mohammedans to do as they did, that it was "all good because it happened," that there was a purpose in the Armenian atrocities, I cry out, Save me from such a God! I would not own him. He is not the God of the moral law. And why should one try to find any purpose in the Armenian atrocities?

Must every crime have a meaning? Only so, in case the universe is a mechanical, fateful, pessimistic, not a moral order. And what better evidence of degeneration could one have than the fact that man may sink even lower than the brute, and become a mere vicious wanton, selfish and cruel? What greater reason for believing in the goodness, the love of God, than the persistent possibility put before even the lowest of us, to reform, to regenerate, to become morally upright and pure? Is not this possibility the true hope of the world? Is not this great fact, that the God of the universe holds out the pathway of escape to each and all, the true basis of belief in his goodness?

If so, if moral salvation is the true road to freedom, the spiritual life must take cognizance of these great facts and laws, or it is not truly spiritual. Instead of obeying the first moving that comes, or accepting circumstances as they come, the spiritual man should, therefore, discriminate, seek alternatives, consider the chances of mistake or defeat; for we permanently progress only as rapidly as we become conscious of errors and defects. Instead of regarding trouble as a God-sent affliction, affirming that "all is good," one is to ask how

one caused it, what is the way of escape? How may I better my conduct? How ought I to act? Especially is it necessary to eliminate all suggestions of fatalism; for just as there are two diametrically opposed philosophies, the one fatalistic, egoistic, unmoral, pessimistic, mechanical; the other inculcating freedom, altruism, the moral law, optimism, and superior causation, so there are two strongly contrasted lines of conduct, the one into self, despair, apathy; the other out of self, hopeful, active. It is, indeed, a very different attitude toward life, the belief that the universe is partly dependent upon us, that we must awaken and do our part, as opposed to the old, easy-going belief that goodness will triumph anyway, and all will somehow be saved. One must continually ask one's self, Am I bestirring myself? What is my part? What am I best fitted to do? What next? One does not even indulge in pleasure for pleasure's sake alone; it is a means to an end, namely, to fit one the better to work for humanity; and one is continually asking, How can I turn this experience to intellectual and moral account? There is literally no moment spent for self alone, but all is for mankind, for the moral law. The future, in large part, depends upon ourselves, and is never sure until we make it sure. Wizards and astrologers may prophesy misfortune, calamity, and death; but are we to bow down before grim, hypothetical fate? Rather let us see to it that the harm they prophesy shall not come to pass. For if one accepted such prophecies as true, saying "All is good," many an avoidable calamity might thus be calmly accepted, whereas disbelief would have made it possible to escape. A vast amount of harm has been wrought by these pernicious prophecies.

Theosophists may tell us that we must suffer, and work out our karma; but what have we to do with a far-off hypothetical existence that no one can more than dimly remember, when we have rich possibilities today, open to the resistless command of the will? It is true that our troubles are in large part of our own creation; law is still absolute, but there is no time-limit or fate involved in that—only the possibility to recreate wisely where we have wrought miserably before.

There is also a possibility not only of doing what we ought, but of doing yet more. The glory of ethics is the choice which transfigures ethics, through the highest moral motive of all; namely, love. For we have not fully described the sphere of man's freedom until we have included the possibilities of love. In this higher mood I give to another not merely because I owe him somewhat, not because he has put me under obligation by entertaining me, giving me a present, or doing me some favor, but because I love him, because the prompting is spontaneous, and I ought to follow this higher motive. I give full measure, running over, for giving's sake only.

For, note when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the gray,
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth: here lies another day."

The mechanical theory of obligation, that one must exactly compensate for every favor received, is not pure ethics, it is in fact little superior to a selfish or mercenary motive, and is obviously a part of the same grim old pessimism, fate. We need not necessarily give to those who have given to us, unless it be agreed upon from a business point of view. Give to those whom you are spiritually prompted to help, regardless of what they may, or may not have done for you. Attribute the same spontaneous motive of love to those who give to you. Give not even as you would have others give unto you, for the golden rule is ambiguous and is susceptible of an egoistic interpretation. But give as you would like to see people universally give, regardless of self, or of compensation. Does God love us merely because he ought? Did he create because he must? Does he compel us to love him? Rather did he create out of fulness of love that sought companions to share it, with such love, in fact, that he leaves us to love him or not in return, as we may choose. Moral choice is, therefore, the basis of the higher life, that which

gives it definite direction, but love is the highest motive which prompts it.

Again, conduct is to be adapted so as to take account of chance or possibility. Do not anticipate harm and accident, but send out the thought which shall invite the favorable possibility, safety, health, happiness, righteousness. We apparently do not need any greater power than we have, we need simply to focus it more wisely. As we observe the surging, struggling forces within, we learn that now this one waxes strong and dominates, now that one weakens and another tendency rules. It is a case of control by the strongest. We must, therefore, make those tendencies in us which we would see survive, stronger than those we despise. Here we must be most skilful. The sensuous man cannot reform himself while passion is paramount. He must begin after he has indulged appetite, and strengthen his better self while the lower sleeps, or is weak from excess. Is not this the law of all development? If at one time you yield to sense impulse, and at another, wisdom intervenes to tell you of the consequences and master the temptation, while at another you fail, make the wise self master by giving it your thought. Think, understand yourself better, ask yourself what you will to become, and if your desire for that ideal is strongest, that ideal will prevail. For when sorrow, calamity and temptation come, one must take one's chances. The time to prepare for war is in times of peace, by constant target practice, by daily drill.

There is apparently no reason to blame the universe. When we are honest with ourselves, we cannot conceal the fact that in many, many ways we know better than we do,—the consciousness of lower and higher is never absent from us. Every ideal is an ought. What we know is so much better than what we do, that we shall not realize our present idea for a thousand years. If we know that we ought, the question is, How? What is the method? Here again, we know better than we do, for nature has taught us how to achieve; namely, through evolution. Our first duty is to begin. Since we

already know, all we need to do to take advantage of the possibilities of freedom, is now at last, even at this late day, to choose to do the wisest we know. Even though life be veiled in mystery, we know enough about the laws of accomplishment to do that. Though the world is partly the field of chance, probability is on the side of righteousness. For the philosophy of freedom takes away nothing from spiritual faith. It leaves as much room, yes, more reason for believing in the goodness of things.

There is reason, too, for this firm faith, for there is both law and freedom; both a will that chooses, and a mechanism that carries it into execution. The wise man does not will at random, but by making law his servant. Therefore, if the soul is some time to escape from bondage to law, it must do so by first understanding the law, then making it a means to an end. It is useless for me to cry out in ecstatic belief in freedom that I can have what I will. I may claim to possess the wealth of the ages, and shout my claims forever. But nature will pass me by unheeded. When, however, I say to nature, This is my ideal, teach me how to rule myself, she places herself at my disposal, as much as to say, "Will, believe, pray, trust, and wait. I will in due season bring what you wish."

And this is the place to distinguish between causation and sequence. Sequence is mechanical; it is fate-driven. The second step is like the first, and necessarily follows it. But in causation, effect is not like cause. "If the effect is not different, causation does not exist and its assertion is a farce."* It is when something mixes with or joins something else, to produce a new result and different from either, that causation occurs. If I read a stimulating book and think as I read, the author's ideas and my ideas may combine to produce new ideas. But the new ideas are not like the author's, and not like mine; they sprang from both, and are different. Even if you knew both the author's ideas and my own, you

* Bradley. "Appearance and Reality." p. 55. See his able discussion of the difficulties involved in the concept of causation.

could not tell, nor could I tell, what would result from their union. You cannot tell what an effect will be, by knowledge of its cause, until you have made the experiment, just as the chemist puts two liquids together to see what will happen. If one combination were bound to result, there would be only fate; in chemistry or physics the result is mechanical. But the higher we go, the less mechanical we find the universe, until we pass from mechanism to organism, and from organism to personality. Then what a wealth of possibilities make for causation; how far removed is the will from mere sequence!

Such an analysis reveals much uncertainty, it is true. But is not truth better than error? Since we do not positively know, is it not better to discover that our supposed knowledge is really belief, or probability, and not assured truth at all? There is no reason why the admission of uncertainty or chance as a factor in our philosophy should in any way lessen faith in the probable triumph of the good. The bare existence of the moral law is strong evidence of the goodness of things. And is anything lost by looking at the possibilities of failure? Who is the rational optimist if not he who, instead of shutting out the sin of the world, goes into the slums to inform himself concerning the dark phases of life; he who, despite his knowledge of evil and the possibility of its triumph, still believes that the right shall prevail? If our logic compels us to accord to the bad the possibility of triumph, it also suggests a far grander possibility of accomplishment; namely, the opportunity to win the day for righteousness, when unrighteousness was freely offered as an alternative: to triumph despite the bad.

Freedom becomes the characteristic of the man who truly gives himself to the world; the one who opens wide his heart to let love speak unstintedly. It is the beauty, the grace of movement, the melody of music, the fulness of utterance, the self-forgetfulness of service, the harmony of love, the sacrifice of the Christ, the joy of the universe. It is the stern dignity of the moral law, the gentle ease of spontaneity. Nature

looks on with pride as her children attain it one by one, and on successively higher planes. The universe looks on with pleasure when a man, at liberty to use it as he may, registers his choice in favor of the moral law.

If I seem to have confused freedom of choice with freedom as a general principle, I would remind the reader of the common factor in all aspects of human life, namely, the will. The moral law is the reason for the existence of finite will-power, but the will functions in its unmoral aspect before man reaches the ethical plane. It frequently chooses the spiritual life before it is aware of moral distinctions. Hence the confusion of doctrine exemplified in "all is good." Because of this confusion, the will becomes listless, the mind accepts the conclusions of easy-going optimism, and thus spirituality loses its chief potency. I have rejected this doctrine because it thus fails to stir the heart to activity, because it neglects the supreme opportunity of life, because it is untrue to Anglo-Saxon genius, and brushes the sense of responsibility aside. As a critic has recently put it, the doctrine is "invertebrate." There is more vitality in the old orthodox belief that we must earnestly work and pray to save souls. As another critic expresses it: "The pendulum has swung to extreme optimism, which blindly leaps toward the Absolute, in ignorance of the requirements of the law." The stress is laid on mere thought, to the neglect of the fact that disease, suffering, and evil did not originate in thought alone, nor is the mere affirmation of ideals capable of producing a cure. That shall regenerate me which inspires me to action, and action partakes of the whole life of man. Our age needs the fire of moral genius, that awakening of man to a sense of duty which shows that on him, on you, on me, on all of us, the salvation of the race depends. We need that which shall bring us to judgment in our souls, bring us face to face with selfishness. We need that stirring appeal which shall inspire men to take, not the easy pleasant course, but the far more difficult pathway of the unselfish life. For nothing shall ever take the place of downright self-discovery, the heroic endeavor

to overthrow the weight of habit, impulse, and passion, and become triumphantly a Man. Here is the moral opportunity, here is the spiritual dawn, and this new epoch shall come only through a reaction from this listless optimism, through the awakening of man to the responsibilities of individual action, the great possibilities of the moral law.

Finally, then, this conclusion brings us to the point reached in the preceding paper. Pantheism is rejected because it leaves no room for finite individuality; pessimism because it dogmatically asserts that life is as bad as it can be and cannot be improved; fatalism because it denies the possibility of human action; and the present day optimism of Spiritual thought in so far as it identifies good and evil in fatalistic belief that all things of their own accord tend toward perfection. Instead, I substitute belief in an omnipresent Being, who grants us freedom of choice and action that we may, through this separate, yet related experience, learn the beauty of our life with him; and, if we will, contribute our individual share to his advancing moral cosmos. I find a truth in fatalism, namely, that the universe is regulated by law; a truth in karma, namely, that our deeds make us what we are. But I find neither basis nor reason for human existence, unless free finite action is also real; no rationality in a doctrine which does not incite to action, no ethics unless it separates right from wrong, and no spirituality unless it inspires the unselfish love that *accomplishes*. In my fullest life, therefore, I understand the beauty and necessity of law, by which I am bound only until I co-operate with it; my conduct is regulated by a clear cut moral sense; my heart is prompted by inclusive, outgoing love. And I look up with reverential admiration to that Spirit, that achieving Perfect, with whose advancing revelation it is my joy to harmonize, glad that freely, spontaneously, I can dedicate all that life brings me to his great glory, the high ideal of his moral republic, and the sublime fellowship of his all-comprehending love.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

Boston.

IN A MANAGER'S OFFICE.

THE first act read well; the play would certainly be a success.

Why, then, had the manuscript remained in the manager's office two long years unread? A mere matter of title. Could a reputable manager be asked to read a play entitled "Only a Broken Heart," and that in the year of grace 1899?

Sheridan K. Snubbles, manager of the Thespian Comedy Company, had had a run of ill luck: A play "dug out of a dozen different French dramas," the effort of his life, and two other plays, "truly American plays," as he had patriotically billed them, had all "fallen flat."

Driven to despair, Snubbles remembered that he had a "Broken Heart" somewhere in his office.

"Broken," mused he; "I thought I had done with 'broken hearts.' To be honest," he went on, a slight sneer lifting the corners of his mouth, "do hearts ever break? Now, what is a heart? A blood-pump, that's all. As for its being the seat of our affections, it's all humbug. Hearts don't break; 'professional' hearts don't, that's certain; I ought to know."

Had Manager Sheridan K. Snubbles glanced around his office, had he looked among the old play-bills and begging letters for "passes" scattered under his desk, he might have found more than one heart,—more than one broken heart,—hearts still beating, perhaps; bleeding, throbbing hearts;—for hearts do break in a manager's office!

It was the eighth call she had made that day; the third at Manager Snubbles' office. She had finally been told he would see her. How her hand trembled, that poor little dancing-soubrette's hand, as she turned the knob of the door! How long those winter months had seemed to her! And the spring and summer dragged hardly less with the cumulative

heart-sickness of hope deferred. How ill she had been! Her dear good mother had nursed her, oh, so tenderly, as only a mother can nurse a sick child. And autumn had come. She must "sign for the season." Barely able to stand on her tiny little feet, her body emaciated, she had now called, hoping against hope. Should he not engage her, she knew her aching heart would break.

"Dancing-soubrette, eh?" said Snubbles, eyeing her from head to foot, when she, with tears in her voice, had told him her errand.

"Dancing-soubrette," he repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, sir," she answered, feeling her heart growing faint.

"Well,"—and he again let his eyes run from her head to her feet, a look full of speculative ownership,—“well, my dear child, you won't do.” This he said, not brutally, but in a most decided manner.

The poor little dancing-soubrette felt those words—"you won't do"—sink deeply into her heart, and a cold, icy sensation benumbed her whole body.

"Thank you, sir," she said, painfully, as she opened the door to leave. She had not yet shut the door when she heard Snubbles mutter to himself:

"All skin and bones; don't care to pay her funeral expenses."

She closed the door; she tried to utter a cry, but there was a lump in her throat; her lips twitched nervously, her whole body shivered; she grew paler still, and fell heavily on the floor.

An ambulance took her away.

The "Broken Heart" lay on the table. With a weary hand, Sheridan K. Snubbles opened the book at page 1.

"By O. B. Angell," he said; "who the devil is O. B. Angell? An angel is a scarce article in a manager's office; they are out of date, anyway. Had two in my 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' years ago,—deuced pretty girls; came down 'at back' in pink tights; made quite a hit."

And without even glancing at the *dramatis personæ*, he read a few pages.

"Well, well," he presently remarked to himself, reclining in his comfortable armchair, "the technic is not quite up to the standard of my ideas of modern dramatic art, but there is something in this, I'll be hanged if there isn't." And he took up the manuscript again, and read on, his face betraying surprise,—at times actual excitement.

"Good!"—"good!" he exclaimed every now and then; "good situations—a laugh here, sure—old woman capital—pretty line—fine business for the 'first old woman'—ah, 'leading man' 'takes the stage'; go it, that's right, good!"

Had a button been suddenly touched setting off a powerful spring under Snubbles' chair, he could not have jumped higher into the air.

"Grand!" he fairly shrieked, as he came down upon his feet. "Grand! Oh, what a climax! What a curtain!"

He had reached the end of Act first. What had he read? A simple story, simply told; a page from life; a daily occurrence. A marriage ceremony at home, nothing more. Friends, invited guests, the minister, all were there. Oh, but that climax, the end of the act, what originality, what a discovery, what a surprise!

Sheridan K. Snubbles lit a cigar, took up the manuscript for the third time, and slowly re-read the last lines of the act.

"Enter Doctor Splicer," he read aloud, "the ceremony begins. Amid solemn awe the decisive words of the Episcopal service have been reached: 'Wilt thou, Arthur, take this woman to be thy wedded wife?'"

There was a timid knock at the door of the manager's sanctum.

"Come in," said Snubbles, in a voice that bespoke no very hearty reception to the intruder.

The door opened, and a charming young girl entered. Her eyes were modestly cast down, and her whole appearance denoted embarrassment and fear combined.

Before Snubbles could say a word, she began :

"Mr. Snubbles?"

"Yes, — Snubbles, Sheridan K. Snubbles — What do you want?"

"Mr. Snubbles," she continued, her words scarcely audible, "Mr. Snubbles, my mother died last week — my father and I have come to New York — I am seeking an engagement as —"

"Don't want any lady," broke in Snubbles brutally; "company complete; no time to waste; sorry; call again."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Snubbles," she ventured to pursue, her voice trembling, while a slight rosy tint colored her pale face, "I am not seeking an engagement as — as an actress —"

"Well, what under the sun do you want?" interrupted Snubbles, no longer endeavoring to control his impatience, "what are you here for?"

"Mr. Snubbles," the girl replied, "we are very poor; all the money went to take care of mother —" and she burst into tears.

Sheridan K. Snubbles hesitated a moment, then, thrusting his hand into his hip pocket, he pulled out a roll of bills :

"Here take this," said he, putting a five dollar bill on the desk, "and let me finish reading this play."

She did not take the money.

"Perhaps, Mr. Snubbles," she said with great effort, "now that you know how poor we are, perhaps you will find time to read my play."

"*Your* play! What play?" said Snubbles.

The color that had come to the girl's face, when Snubbles had offered her money, faded away.

"Two years ago," she said, striving to keep back a sob, "two years ago, I sent you a play; — *that* play," she added suddenly, pointing to the desk, her whole body now trembling with excitement.

She had just caught sight of her neat green-covered, type-written manuscript.

"That your play?" fairly roared Snubbles.

"Yes," she replied, with the courage hope had brought back to her heart, "I am Miss Angell."

Sheridan K. Snubbles rose to his feet, went to her, and, taking both her hands in his, said:

"You *are* an angel."

And he shook her hands with such force that the poor girl had to say:

"You hurt me, Mr. Snubbles."

"Beg pardon; come sit down at my desk; make yourself at home," said Snubbles, actually dragging her to the seat he had just left, and obliging her to sit down. Then, suddenly: "I'll be back in a moment; wait!"

And without another word he rushed out of the room, calling out excitedly:

"John! Harry! Come! You must hear it; millions in it!"

Miss Angell felt her heart leaping all over her body. Was she dreaming? Could it be true? Had he read her play? What did he mean by "millions in it"? Would she get a little money? How much? Fifty dollars perhaps? How happy her father would be! If her mother were only living! How long her mother had lingered between life and death, and how fast all the money had disappeared! And now she would be rich. "Millions in it!" She might get a thousand dollars, two thousand, perhaps—"millions in it!" She might get five thousand dollars. She would raise a monument where her mother slept; they would leave that horrid New York; they would go back home, and she would place fresh flowers on her mother's grave every day, and she, too, would be happy!

The door opened, and Sheridan K. Snubbles, followed by John and Harry, entered.

"This is Miss Angell," said Snubbles to the two men: "Miss Angell, the author of the greatest thing on earth." Then turning to the girl: "My dear young lady, you are going to read us your play. Don't omit a single word." And turning again to John and Harry: "Don't interrupt her;

wait for the climax." And again turning to Miss Angell: "My stage-manager and my property-man, Miss Angell; now go on, read slowly; curtain's up!"

He took a chair, placed it in front of the desk, and prepared to listen.

"When the curtain goes up," read Miss Angell, "the audience sees Mrs. Atherton entering from the left side of the stage, through the door nearest the end of the stage, on the left side."

"You mean," interrupted the stage-manager, "Mrs. A. discovered at rise, entering L. U. E. I'll fix that."

"Shut up!" commanded Snubbles.

Miss Angell resumed her reading. She read well; her voice was clear and musical. In the most pathetic scenes she could scarcely control her own emotion; every word seemed to come from her heart. As she was nearing the end of the first act, Snubbles, who had been listening almost religiously, began to show signs of great nervousness.

"Slowly now, take your time; don't come to it too soon; knock the boys down with one blow," said the manager, looking knowingly at John and Harry.

The simple story had been well told. The general bustle preceding a home marriage had been portrayed with a touch of actual realism. Tears, joy, jealousy,—all had been felt. The awkwardness of the groom; the modest bearing of the bride, the father's pride, the mother's beating heart,—all had been vividly portrayed. The end of the act had almost been reached.

"Get ready, boys," said Snubbles, rising from his seat; "now comes the climax; hold on to your chairs!"

Miss Angell had reached these words:

"Wilt thou, Arthur, take this woman to be thy wedded wife . . ."

"Ready!" broke in Snubbles again, fairly shaking with excitement; and going to John and Harry, he added:

"Don't try to guess what's coming; you can't do it; nothing like it; you'll see the audience the first night; every

lady will go wild. Now, Miss Angell, read!" And Snubbles resumed his seat.

"Wilt thou, Arthur, take this woman to be . . ." repeated Miss Angell.

"Suddenly the lights go out; the stage is dark; general screaming and shouting!" interrupted Snubbles again, "and then, what?" . . . "I'll tell you: The folding-doors at back open; light restored; . . . where is the bride? GONE!!! Quick curtain!"

"Grand!" shouted John.

"Tremendous!" echoed Harry.

"Ever seen the like?" asked Snubbles? "Sardou never did anything better! Millions in it, I tell you; millions in it!"

Then turning to Miss Angell, whose face was as pale as death:

"How much for your play? State your price; we'll sign the contract this instant. How much, cash down?"

And pulling out the roll: "Here's a hundred to bind the bargain. Fifteen dollars per performance; eight performances a week; hundred and twenty a week; four thousand eight hundred the first season; big New York run; two companies on the road; keep it on the boards five years. Fifty thousand for you, and a million for me!"

Miss Angel was shaking from head to foot, and her heart was beating violently. She had closed her eyes, and she thought she could see her mother standing by her side, smiling and happy.

"Quick now, the second act," said Snubbles after a moment.

Her voice trembling:

"Act Second," Miss Angell began, "An open space in a South African forest. Twenty years have elapsed.

"What is that?" cried Snubbles; "you say twenty years?"

"Yes," answered Miss Angell, "Twenty years."

"Great Scott!" shrieked John.

"Ye, gods!" exclaimed Harry.

Snubbles rose, leaned on the desk, and, shaking his fist in the poor girl's face, actually roared :

"You have killed the bride! Where is she? Twenty years! Why she must be forty; an old woman! What! A young bride disappears suddenly during the marriage ceremony, no villain in the plot, and she turns up in the second act an old hag! It's absurd, it's outrageous! it's scandalous! Why, woman, you are crazy! Who the devil cares for the bride now! Why it's damnable, it's immoral!"

And he fell back in his chair, out of breath, panting with rage, his face red, his eyes bloodshot.

"She is a missionary among the Zulus," timidly remarked Miss Angell, her head bowed down, and not daring to look up.

"The devil take her, and you too," said Snubbles; and he rushed out of the room followed by John and Harry.

Miss Angell rose to her feet. She took a step toward the door. Suddenly all became dark before her eyes. Her body swayed; her lips parted, and she murmured: "I am coming mother!"

And she fell heavily on the floor.

Another heart had broken in a manager's office.

ALFRED HENNEQUIN, PH.D.

Boston.

CARLYLE.

There's a flash in the night,
A straight-edged cloud of black,
A hush like the holden breath
Of a man in his might.

Then a roar like the rage
Of desperate sullen hate,
A spiteful and cutting hail—
But the showers assuage!

BARTON O. AYLESWORTH.

Denver.

RUSSIA'S MARCH ON EUROPE.

AS DISCLOSED IN THE EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

FINLAND SENTENCED TO DEATH

The statesmen of the old world, so far at least as their public utterances are concerned, have maintained a well-bred silence upon the subject of the national tragedy of which the closing scene has just been enacted in Helsingfors, the capital of the grand duchy of Finland. And because no word of protest has been uttered from a ministerial bench, or read from a blue book bearing the official signature of a chancellor, the world has stood by in silence while the Finnish nationality has been decreed out of existence by an ukase from St. Petersburg, signed by Czar Nicholas II. and promulgated by Count Muravieff, the Slavic Bismarck.

The import of this decree, is that three millions of people of Germano-Finnish blood shall become Russians forthwith. Behind the promulgation are a million of gray-coats ready to carry out the will of Muravieff by the grace of the knout. In the meanwhile, the imperial weakling whose pen has subscribed to the death-warrant of a nation, is lisping foolishly of the advisability of mitigating the horrors of war—a coincidence which would furnish theme for an Offenbach, were it not matter more meet for the tragic genius of a Milton!

Since the last review of the month in Europe appeared in The Arena, the parliament of Finland has been informed, in no mincing language, by a Russian governor-general, that it must legislate out of existence its right to pass upon measures affecting the relations of the grand duchy to the empire, a right which was conferred upon it by Alexander II., "the liberator," and confirmed by his successor, Alexander III. The lower house of the Finnish legislative body flatly refused its sanction of this philanthropic plan. The senate offered a more fruitful field for the activities of the imperial chancellery.

When it was represented to the Finnish noblemen and land-owners that their refusal to coincide with Muravieff's views for the regeneration of Finland would be followed by the introduction of Russian troops into Finnish territory, and the proclamation of martial law in the grand duchy, the senate unexpectedly discovered that it had for a long time held precisely the view of the existing situation that prevailed at St. Petersburg, and the obnoxious decree was duly promulgated by the authority of the highest legislative body of the country. This precipitated conversion can be easily understood when it is remembered that Russian martial law (*voennoe polozhenie*) represents the most advanced type of military dictatorship; a system of terror to which the renowned *standrecht* of Austria bears approximately the relation that a five o'clock tea does to a bull fight.

But the lower house of parliament at Helsingfors maintained its opposition to Russian encroachments, and resisted the influence of the senatorial pliancy. When the boot of the Cossack who represents the majesty of Russia at the capital of Finland, began to gall the collective neck of the diet, the trusting deputies bethought them of the proclamation that was issued from St. Petersburg so recently as to be fresh in the memory of the present generation, calling the powers of Christendom together to take counsel for the advancement of the cause of humanity. These same flaxen-haired deputies looked one at the other with their blue German eyes, and said in a chorus: "Is not the Czar a self-confessed humanitarian? Let us go and lay our complaint at his gracious feet. He will hear us, and the cause of Finland shall not be writ in the Book of the Lost." True enough, there flashed through the minds of these commoners, for a brief and appalling moment, the recollection that it was this same humanitarian, Nicholas II., who at the very opening of his golden reign, had proscribed the Swedish and Finnish languages in the university of Riga, and had declared that thenceforward the Russian language was to be the official speech in the lecture-halls and upon the diplomas of that famous seat of learning. But what did that

signify? quoth the distressful deputies. Had not the "White Czar" just announced himself, amid the blare of trumpets and the crash of bass-drums, the friend of mankind?

And so these good people left the snows of Helsingfors and betook themselves to the morasses of St. Petersburg, there to set forth their griefs before the throne, just as their forefathers had done, when Alexander the Liberator assumed the fatal purple of the Romanoffs. When the Finnish deputation reached St. Petersburg, it was notified by General Kleighels, the prefect of police, that he regarded its membership as suspicious persons, and that it behooved them to leave on an early train for Helsingfors — unless, indeed, they preferred to study winter scenery in Siberia!

When the news of this notable reception reached Helsingfors, Finland donned mourning. The diet, as recent despatches informed the world, dissolved itself by suspending its sittings; all social festivities were cancelled, and the women of the land clothed themselves in black, as if for the dead. And well they might. The decrees which the Finnish commoners had refused to sanction have been promulgated. They declare in effect that henceforth Russian shall be the language of Finland; that the university of Helsingfors is to be conducted by learned men who have been sent out from St. Petersburg to demonstrate the beauty and effectiveness of the doctrine of Panslavism; and that hereafter the name of Finland is to be a purely geographical term, quite free from any suggestion of political meaning. The youth of the grand duchy are to be conscripted for the glory and might of "Little Mother" Russia, and its taxes are to swell the treasury of the empire, upon which, to reverse a quotation that is becoming strongly familiar to the American mind, "the sun never rises."

Does Nicholas II., whom the gossips of St. Petersburg have nicknamed "The Humanitarian," know of these things? Mr. Stead and his school would have it that he does not. Perhaps Mr. Stead and his school are right.

**IS THE CZAR
REIGNING?**

Christendom has by this time become accustomed to regard with complacent pity the picture of a pale young man of the most clean-cut and aristocratic Man-Chu type, who sits somewhere in the gardens of the Palace of a Thousand Perpetual Delights at Peking, surrounded by a swarm of eunuchs and female slaves, and who is just as much a prisoner as is the convict coolie who guides the gorgeous river-boat of Li Hung Chang up and down the putrescent channel of the Pei-Ho. The young man is alive today. The world knows that he is alive, because an intrepid British sailor recently made a mandatory request upon the Empress Dowager of China that he be admitted to an interview with the imprisoned emperor. After the sailor had seen the high-born prisoner he ran to a telegraph instrument and informed his government, and incidentally the inevitable newspaper correspondents, that the Emperor of China was still living, but that it was not known how long he would continue to live. The newspaper correspondents, however, from their points of observation at Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Yokohama, are responsible for the assurance that the Emperor of China might as well be dead as to dally in the Gardens of a Thousand Perpetual Delights with the Empress Dowager's eunuchs and her female slaves keeping close watch upon his person—a living example to all who would tread the path of reform.

Does the court of Russia offer a parallel to that of China?

A significant despatch appeared in the London newspapers a fortnight ago. It announced, in effect, that the Czar was so ill as to be unable to perform his official duties, and that the Grand Duke Michael Nikolaievitch was, for the time being, the actual ruler of the empire. Inasmuch as no news is transmitted by any of the telegraph offices of the empire without the sanction of the ever-watchful censor, the inevitable assumption is, that the text of the despatch in question must have passed beneath the eyes of a high official in the home office at St. Petersburg before it was allowed to proceed

to Darmstadt, the capital of the German grand duchy of Hesse, and the point from which the London papers ostensibly obtained their "tip." The significant feature of this "tip" was the skilfully veiled implication which it contained, to the effect that the Emperor's malady was a mental one. This insinuation furnishes a glimpse of the workings of a powerful cabal at the court of St. Petersburg. It is well known that Chancellor Muravieff, who represents the old-fashioned Russia, the Russia that has strewn its dead soldiers from Stamboul to Vladivostock, in its far-spreading battle for domination over the East as the gateway to the West, is chancellor virtually in spite of his master. It is also known that Count Muravieff has done more to discredit Nicholas II. with the ruling class in Russia than several successive generations of nihilists could do by means of the most industrious propaganda. This official campaign against the person of the Lord's anointed is epitomized in the hint which has recently reached the world of the *mental* malady of the Czar. The Grand Duke Michael, who is named as the regent of the empire, is one of the most bitter opponents of the "new fangled" policy of the Czar. In the event of the latter dying without issue, Michael hopes to be his successor upon the throne. Can the mind imagine more mystifying conditions than those amid which Nicholas II. and his English nurse are attempting to check the energies of a headstrong chancellor, reinforced by the most influential members of the imperial family itself, and exemplifying in his own person the aspirations of a people in whose blood is bred the conviction that they are the Romans of the modern world?

In the meanwhile, Christendom has not yet answered, to its own satisfaction, the question, Is the Czar reigning? The winter palace at St. Petersburg does not offer such complete opportunities for seclusion as does the summer palace at Peking; but the galleries of the huge pile are tortuous enough and dark enough to conceal a great deal, even from the penetrating gaze of the newspaper correspondents who obtain their view of events that pass in Russia from safe and luxurious vantage points at Berlin and Vienna.

**A TRIUMPHANT
REPUBLIC** France has demonstrated once more, with the quiet dignity of conscious strength, that the republic is not to be the plaything of the adventurous, or the decayed fruit that falls at the puffing of the passing breeze. M. Emile Loubet, the new president, has served notice upon anti-Dreyfusites, radicals, legitimists, and Bonapartists — the strange and motley political aggregation that has made a humorous attempt to overthrow the existing order of things in France — that the republic will tolerate no trifling. There are now in the prisons of Paris several gentlemen who are awaiting trial before the civil authorities. They are imprisoned because they failed to realize in time the earnestness of the government's purpose to suppress all attempts against public decorum and public peace.

Not for a long time has a French government undertaken to teach the malcontents and irreconcilables, in their infinite number of sub-divisions and degrees of disaffection, so stern a lesson as is being taught them now by the quiet bourgeois who became president of France at a moment's notice, and is acting the ruler with as much self-possession and as cool a temper as if he had inherited the faculty of government from a long series of crowned ancestors. The latest plot against the permanency of the French republic is not without its humor. A medley of professional patriots, representing both extremes of the political procession — the most hide-bound reactionaries standing shoulder to shoulder with men who do not yield their allegiance to the democratic government of France, because they do not consider it democratic enough — united their voices into one raucous, long-continued cry: "*Conspuez Loubet, resign, resign!*"

The self-possessed man from southern France — the Roman France — listened to the shouting for a brief space, and waited for it to cease. The cacophony continued after the new president had been installed. Then word issued from the presidential palace at Versailles that quiet must be restored. The police did their duty with effective promptness, and the most virulent of the shouters found themselves

behind prison bars. It so chanced that two of the prisoners — Déroulède and Harnet — were deputies. The government proceeded to demonstrate its sovereignty and its strength, by demanding of the chamber that the offending deputies be placed upon trial on the charge of having disturbed the peace of the country, a demand which a majority of the deputies at once conceded. Thus did the French republic vindicate itself before that swarm of foreign critics who had predicted, with gleeful positiveness, that France would become the easy prey of the first bold adventurer who should attempt to overthrow the republic. It is becoming apparent, too, that Loubet will go a great deal farther than he has already gone in the work of reconstructing France. It has become evident, in the devious course of the Dreyfus case, that the military has obtained altogether too strong a hold upon the governing machinery of the republic. M. Loubet is credited with a serious purpose to restore the complete ascendancy of civil France over the France that struts about with a clanking sword at her side, and to render impossible the peril of "The Man on Horseback," — the political element that has proved fatal to France in times past. It is expected that General Zurlinden, the military governor of Paris, who is perhaps the most powerful individual in France today, will be the first of the military leaders to feel the weight of the executive hand. Gen. Zurlinden is primarily responsible for the high-handed proceedings of the French war office in the latest stages of the Dreyfus scandal. He is by all means the most striking military figure in the republic. Should the French government decide to remove him from his post, its decision will offer a notable opportunity to test the real strength or weakness of the military party in the affairs of the French republic.

S. IVAN TONJOROFF.

Boston.

EASTER LILIES.

OUT from the mass of more luxuriant bloom
That sheds upon the air a rich perfume,
Supremely beautiful these lilies rise,
Bidding day welcome with a glad surprise.

And, though about them blushing roses nod,
Fairer, these symbols of the living God
Open their waxen petals to the light ;
Their hearts of gold revealing to my sight.

Of the soul's triumph over death fit type —
In the unfoldment of perfection ripe —
A message clear to all, these blossoms bring :
"The grave no vict'ry hath, nor death a sting."

Nor flowers alone the glorious truth may voice —
All Nature bids us in new birth rejoice.
To fuller life, not death, the grave shall lead,
When we with Christ in God are risen indeed.

LUCIEN WEBSTER.

New York.

WORKERS AT WORK.

IV. LILIAN WHITING AT THE BRUNSWICK.

THE Brunswick breathes an atmosphere of quiet opulence, settled dignity, and calm culture, the very antithesis of the typical American hostelry. Its utter absence of bustle, and noise, and crowds suggests, indeed, one of those private hotels in London's West End, so dear to the heart of the tired traveler. Yet it is essentially American in its spacious halls and parlors, and in its completeness of organization; essentially Bostonian in its combination of solid comfort and harmonious artistic effects. There is none of the glare and glitter and gorgeousness of the "palatial" places that reflect *fin de siècle* wantonness and waste in New York. None of the strain and unrest of their overdone prodigality. Having sent up my card, I rest my body in a large, substantial leather chair, and rest my eyes on a good picture on the wall, on a group of palms that fill a corner where the light from a window falls on them, or on the warm, rich rugs, whose harmonious tones soothe nerves and brain. If the day is dark, as days are apt to be in Boston at this time of the year, the shadows are dispelled by the soft glow of an opal-shaded electric light at the foot of a broad staircase that opens invitingly from the hospitable hall.

Our poet is certainly a modern of the moderns in her choice of domicile that affords command of the resources of civilization at the touch of a button, and, at the same time, that command of seclusion and privacy, essential to individuality in life and work. She has the world when she wants it; the world can have her only when she says (through her private 'phone) "Ask him to come up." Even in Boston and the Brunswick, our poet is true to poetic traditions. Like Beranger, and other singers of the city, she finds lodgment near the sky. So I was led by a sable servitor in blue livery to an elevator through a long passage from which opened

old-fashioned parlors and cozy reception rooms, all richly furnished, all suggestive of the "hominess" of a good club, yet with the lightness fitting to the feminine intention and use. Suddenly a door opens, and I find myself in the workroom of the author of "The World Beautiful." It might be a workroom in fairyland. The little lady in fleecy drapery of canary-colored tulle (I think it is called tulle, but it might be spun sunbeams) who flutters toward me from her writing table near the window, and welcomes me in a well-bred musical murmur, seems a veritable Queen Mab. The sun breaking through the clouds at the instant, I note a suggestion of Florence the Beautiful in the graceful church tower that rises against the sky, with the calm waters of the Charles river beyond, filling the window view, and furnishing background for the figure of this "Airy, fairy Lilian." Next moment I find myself seated at ease, and in strangely sympathetic and deeply interested chat with the wee woman ensconced in a low rocker opposite me. "Here is a soul who lives in the spiritual" is my distinct impression; a woman who, in patience and confidence, has held to her ideals and reached the heights where the ideal is the actual, expressed and embodied in powers, in surroundings, in results,—in that conquest of the soul over condition by which all things are transformed—even struggle and difficulty becoming occasion and opportunity for the unfoldment of the stuff that soul is made of,—its grace and beauty, sweetness and light.

Lilian Whiting began her literary career some twenty years ago, with a paper on Margaret Fuller in the Cincinnati Commercial. For nearly sixteen years she had been a journalistic writer, winning place in the front rank of her profession, before she published her first book. Her published works now number five volumes; a sixth—her life of Mrs. Browning—is announced for early publication, and she has almost completed a biography of her friend, Kate Field—a labor of love, which will give us a breathing picture of one of the most remarkable personalities of our time. Despite years full freighted with achievement,—possible in volume

only to constant and untiring industry, possible in quality only to a trained and cultivated mind, ever alert, ever advancing,—Lilian Whiting, in one sense, is as young today as when she wrote her first article. She has been called "eccentric." Her eccentricity seems to consist in her genuineness and honesty. She refuses to look or to act any older than she feels. She is independent enough to decline conformity to conventions which would deny spontaneity, lightness, enthusiasm, impulsiveness, if you will, to the maturity that to all these adds depth and earnestness of thought and feeling, clear judgment and the serene temper of the soul who has lived and loved, suffered and learned.

This sketch is unadorned by a portrait of its subject, simply because that subject defies portraiture in the rigid lines of the draftsman or in the camera's unsympathetic angles of refraction. Only a Whistler or a Burne-Jones could limn a face and figure whose expression is as changing as an April landscape—almost negative in repose; instinct with life and light, with fire and color, when stirred. This, of course, suggests the criticism of lack of concreteness, of an over-absorption in the "beyondness" of the spiritual life, and distinct need, therefore, of some further appreciation of the presence of spirit in matter here and now, which it is the aim of the New Thought to emphasize. It will not do to be "all soul"—for the soul's sake, no less than the body's. There is a world of meaning in Miss Whiting's large eyes—eyes whose largeness is exaggerated by big round glasses. These windows of the soul seem to be ever opened wide—open to all beauty of the outer world, drinking in eagerly all that clearness and breadth of perception may invite,—giving as freely from the depths, which their light reflects, of comprehending sympathy, quick understanding, earnest interest in everything true and beautiful, in hope, purpose, or endeavor. One cannot help a feeling of queer contradiction between the eyes and the rest of the face. So suggestive of the fresh, undefined innocence of a child, are features and complexion, that I could not help looking from her to a portrait of a little

brother of Kate Field, that stands under the mantel, and then to one that hangs above it, of Walter Savage Landor, in ripe old age. Miss Whiting's face reminds one at times of the boy, and at other times of the sage. More than boy or sage, her presence breathes "the eternal womanly" in its constant suggestion of daintiness and delicacy. Decorous ever, figure, dress, movement, and voice, as well as the atmosphere of her little writing room, all "belong" as naturally as the butterfly on the rose.

Filled with rarest reminders of great souls and good, who have made part of the poet's life, is this little upper room in the Brunswick. A modest bookcase holds a hundred books, perhaps,— books that are evidently personally related, natural selections. For work and reference there are the myriad tomes of Boston's great Public Library ready to hand, a stone's throw away. Atop the bookcase is a bust of Dante—a bust with a story. The plaster cast of Victor Hugo's head, made by Rodin for his wonderful group of the poet listening to his muse, looks from the other side. A photograph of the group, given by the sculptor to Miss Whiting with the cast and cordially inscribed, hangs below a large photograph of Philips Brooks, also inscribed by the great preacher to his friend. The busts on the bookcase flank a splendid oil portrait of Kate Field, the presiding genius, the subject and inspirer of Lilian Whiting's best thought and work; it might almost be said the goddess of her idolatry—her *friend*. Over the simple writing table, in a corner near the window, are other portraits of Kate Field, one a photograph of the portrait by Elihu Vedder, painted at Florence in Miss Field's girlhood, and now in the Museum of Fine Arts. An engraving of Vedder's picture of "The Soul Between Faith and Doubt," another picture with a remarkable history, suggests a world of meaning in that place. Near the Vedder portrait is a handsome one of Mary Anderson Navarro. Memory of a wonderful day with Rosa Bonheur in the forest of Fontainebleau, is perpetuated vividly by a large carbon print of a painting of sheep huddled in a mountain sheepfold, that won Miss Whit-

ing's special admiration. On the mantel is seen the clasped hands of the Brownings in bronze, a gift from Harriet Hosmer, and cast from the mold taken by her at Rome in 1853. Near them, and under the elder Landor's portrait, is a small autumn landscape painted by the poet's grandson, A. Henry Savage Landor, whose remarkable journey, and no less remarkable record of it in "The Forbidden Land," has made him famous. It was given by him to Miss Whiting when he was in Boston a few years ago. A photograph of the weird and wonderful statue of Balzac, by Rodin, which set the critics by the ears all over Europe a few months ago, is near it. To the sympathetic student of the author of the "Comedie Humaine," it appeals with rare force.

These are a few only of the mementoes that hold the touch of hands that have wrought for humanity, and whom Lilian Whiting has called friends. How well these silent witnesses testify to the truth of Miss Whiting's affirmation that "the one supreme good of life lies in sympathetic companionships, all else being purely incidental!" What wonder that she can write, "My life is full of the precious privilege of meeting and knowing those whom we all revere as the makers and molders of our thoughts." Significant also is the fact, that born critic as she is, she probably numbers among her well loved and trusted friends, more men and women of letters than any other woman in America. But never a hint of professional jealousy in attempted depreciation falls from her lips. On the contrary, her tribute of generous and spontaneous praise is always ready. Miss Whiting herself, considers "After her Death," her masterpiece, and for this reason, I am glad of the privilege of reproducing with this hazy sketch, the excellent portrait of Kate Field which forms the frontispiece to that book. It is indeed a remarkable work, not merely for its expression of the influence of a beautiful friendship, but even more for its record of the continuous and undeniable psychic communication established between the author and her friend beyond the veil. Miriam Harris, a California writer, says: "I shall never forget the first time I read 'After her Death.'

Someone had called it a beautiful symphony ; it was that, and more to me. I had just come down from Mount Lowe. Imagination and feeling had been kindled anew in that rarefied atmosphere, and life itself had taken on something of that Alpine glow. Then, reading that book, I saw for the first time the picture of Kate Field in the beauty and charm of her early womanhood. Her pictured face is ideal in its loveliness."

So sound an authority as the London "Academy," pronounced Miss Whiting's essays included in "The World Beautiful," as "noteworthy in themselves, and even more so as a sign of the times." "Miss Whiting," the critic further declares, "writes on the old themes . . . but she rises above the throng in her treatment of them. . . . She is clearly of that growing band of men and women who believe that an awakening of the human soul, attended by the acquisition of new psychic powers, already enjoyed by the few, is the gift which the future holds for the children of men."

There is no intention here of discussing Miss Whiting's work in detail. Yet it must be said that those who are attracted and encouraged by the three volumes of "The World Beautiful" should not neglect the volume of flowing, melodious verse, "From Dreamland Sent," in which the author gives more finished form to thought deep and tender.

My own acquaintance with Lilian Whiting and with Boston, began years ago, in reading her Saturday letters in the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Boston at its best — and the best of a city as of an individual is its truest, — is most faithfully and feelingly reported week by week in these letters, and in those to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. How much Boston owes of prestige and influence as a center of intellectual and spiritual activities, in the minds of the west and the south, to Miss Whiting's letters, it would be difficult to tell. Certain it is that thousands of exiled New Englanders regularly look to them for luminous and lively criticism of the latest in art, literature, music, and the drama, handled with that personal touch which makes words live even in cold type.

Important discoveries in science and development along metaphysical lines, often find their first announcement in these letters. The story is told of a new managing editor in Chicago, who expressed the belief that in this electric age, letters by mail from Boston were "behind the times." His suggestion that they be discontinued met with an emphatic protest from the news editor, who declared that Lilian Whiting's letters always contained several "good beats" on the telegraph service. Another time, one of these letters was laid over a day to make room for "important news," whereupon the Inter-Ocean office was flooded with missives from indignant readers, announcing that if Lilian Whiting's letters were not continued, they would take another paper.

Exemplifying in marked degree William Morris's saying that, "Beauty is the worker's expression of joy in his work," Lilian Whiting the woman, in personal touch, at close range, in no wise disappoints the expectations of those who have come under the charm of Lilian Whiting the writer. Refusing to content herself with poetizing on paper, she carries her poetry into life. This is the secret of her success — the lesson of that success to our younger writers — all too prone to follow the influences in literature and journalism which separate poetry from life, and tempt them to ply the pen for bread alone, harnessing Pegasus to a market-wagon. Literature so produced and peddled, however brilliant and skilful in execution, is vitiated at the core by lack of that loyalty to one's highest, which demands that practice shall not fall below preaching.

MARCO TIEMPO.

Boston.

UNDER THE ROSE.

MIND AND MONEY

It too often happens that the possession of wealth seems to exercise a narrowing and blinding influence on people otherwise fair-minded, just, and generous. As Charles Dudley Warner pointed out in his article in the December *Arena*, everything depends on the point of view, and the point of view of the man of money toward reform of any and every sort is too apt to be that of utter and unhesitating condemnation. In the Boston of today, not less than in Jerusalem of old, the preacher of righteousness is very generally set down as "a pestilent fellow and a stirrer-up of sedition." It is not that these wealthy individuals are entirely devoid of sympathy for human suffering and aspirations; their honest, deliberate judgment is, that some sort of sacrilege is involved in any question of the permanency of a system which they consider the bulwark of the social order. Like Shylock demanding his pound of flesh, it frequently happens that the price of their support and endorsement must be unquestioning acquiescence in systems and methods which the radical fully realizes to be at the very root of crying injustice in all the world. All the more gratifying, therefore, is it to find the exceptional case of a millionaire who embraces a reform without regard to consequences in his own case, and with no mental reservations as to where truth must stop when vested interests are menaced. The most notable of such recent exceptions is that of Ex-Congressman Thomas L. Johnson of Ohio, who, having achieved a fortune through the skill and energy with which he was able to take advantage of present conditions in industrial development, freely and fully devotes to the single tax reform — which he believes means human emancipation — not merely that fortune, but the skill and energy which achieved it, and much more — his whole heart and soul. Retiring from "business" in the prime of life,

he gives himself up wholly to a movement for social reform. Long known as one of the ablest and most effective of Henry George's supporters, it is very certain that we shall hear more of "Tom" Johnson before long. The single-tax movement cannot fail to be immensely helped by his leadership, and all reformers, whether believers in the single tax or not, must yield a tribute of admiration to Mr. Johnson's courage and decision. He is not alone, however, among the millionaires who are awakening to the greater opportunity for real living and a wise use of fortune's gifts afforded by the reform movement. William Lloyd Garrison, Mayor Samuel M. Jones of Toledo, Governor Pingree of Michigan, Mr. H. O. Nelson of St. Louis, all men of much wealth and employers of labor on a grand scale, are among those who in spite of the paralyzing influence of money, have ranged themselves on the side of the people in the battle now waging for human emancipation. But there is room for more. Who will be next?

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**A SUGGESTIVE
COMPARISON**

I believe in giving the man who has fallen from grace a fair chance to reform, and in not allowing to pass unrecognized any evidence of his change of heart. Take Mr. Andrew Carnegie, for instance. Just now he is leading the opposition to the alleged "imperialism" underlying McKinley's policy in the Philippines. And in this he is ranged side by side with Mr. Samuel Gompers and other labor leaders. For nearly ten years the name of Mr. Carnegie had been constantly associated with the ruffianly and murderous episode at Homestead which resulted in riot and bloodshed, precipitated by the importation of a band of armed thugs and mercenaries to overawe and coerce Mr. Carnegie's striking workmen. It would be well, indeed, if out of this infamy Mr. Carnegie and other employers shall have learned a lesson. There is little doubt, if I may judge from the magnificent reception accorded Mr. Carnegie at the hands of the workingmen of Homestead, on the recent occasion of the

dedicatory exercises of the Carnegie Library, that at least those of the workers who know him best have been generous enough to forget and forgive. During his address, Mr. Carnegie referred to the great strike and its accompanying bloodshed in these words :

"For the first time, my friends, I stand before a Homestead audience with peculiar feelings. Mrs. Carnegie felt that she must be with me at Homestead. Why this occasion impresses us both today as nothing else could, will be readily understood. The one great pain of our united lives, arising from business, and which has haunted us for years, came from the deplorable event here, which startled us when far away, and which even yet has not lost its power at intervals to sadden our lives. The memories which Homestead has called up to this time have sometimes saddened us, and we hoped that this occasion might fill our minds with such a beautiful picture as to enable us to banish the cruel memories of the past forever. Imagine our happiness when now this happy meeting, the cordial and joyous welcome accorded to us, and the thousands of children's happy, smiling faces, stamp a new picture of Homestead upon our minds which will gladden our hearts as it flashes before us wherever we may roam. By this meeting, by your welcome, by these smiling faces, all the regretful thoughts, all the unpleasant memories, are henceforth and forever 'in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.' Henceforth we are to think of Homestead as we see it today. This building which I now dedicate, may it, indeed, be between capital and labor an emblem of peace, reconciliation, mutual confidence, harmony, and union."

Speaking of the wages paid at the Homestead works, Mr. Carnegie declared that during the past year of 311 working days the average pay, man and boy — common laborer included, — was \$2.91 per day ; \$905 per year. To emphasize the meaning of the figures, he compared them with the average at Pullman last year (the highest average ever paid at Pullman), which was \$535. It would be the proudest boast of himself and partners, he added, "that the firm had paid the highest wages ever paid to labor." Why should not Andrew Carnegie follow in "Tom" Johnson's footsteps? Captains of industry are wanted in the reform army. If Mr.

Carnegie is really sorry for the Homestead slaughter, and has sickened of the McKinley-Hanna-Platt-Quay combination, he may find himself welcomed to greater usefulness and honor than are possible to any man outside the ranks of the only really "Triumphant Democracy"—the coming Industrial Democracy.

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CURIOUS COINCIDENCES

Two very striking instances of similarities between writers unacquainted with each other, have recently come to my notice. In the February Arena, Mr. Dresser, in the course of a brief review of a book entitled "The New Cosmogony," by Col. George E. Warder of Kansas City, called attention to the striking resemblance between the propositions advanced in that book and those advanced in an earlier publication called "The Philosophy of Electrical Psychology," by J. B. Dods. Col. Warder writes me that any such similarities were entirely unconscious, on his part, as he had never seen a copy of Dods' volume, nor even any mention of it. This only makes his presentation of a most suggestive and important theory of creation all the more interesting. In the second case, I discovered on reading the manuscript of a novel yet unpublished, but of unusual charm and power, that the plot throughout seemed to be a reversal, splendidly carried out, of a famous novel by an English writer, published about ten years ago. Even the heroine's name in the latter story was simply a feminization of the hero's name in the earlier work. Curiously enough, the author of the second story had never read nor even heard of the first story, and supposed she was working out an original idea that had no relation to any other story that she had ever read or heard of. This latter instance certainly seems to afford reasonable confirmation of Balzac's idea that in fiction, as in real life, names have an inevitable relation to characters, and that in fiction, as in real life,—starting from a given premise,—setting, action, and *denouement* must all follow in logical sequence.

Edward Bellamy has left on record his declaration that the story "Looking Backward" came into existence precisely in this way. He had given no particular attention to the study of political economy, was unfamiliar with the writings of Karl Marx and other exponents of socialism, and had no intention of fitting the story to any preconceived economic theory. What he did, he tells us, was simply to set out with the idea of picturing life in an ideal state of society. All the details of this society, its working out and its order and arrangement generally, followed inevitably and logically. We have here also a strong argument in favor of the practicality of the ideal. Mr. Bellamy, through the exercise of reason allied to imagination and fancy in the picturing of an ideal, became a more fervid and earnest socialist than he could possibly have been made by any process of dry statistical argument.

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Every once in a while the daily press gives currency to extended reports of the failure of some community alleged to have been organized and conducted on the plan of Bellamy's "Looking Backward." Such failures are held up as demonstration of the fallacy of the entire socialistic idea, and especially of the Bellamy brand of socialism. One such recent failure, of which very much is made in the press, is that of a coöperative society that settled in Hastings, British Columbia, about three years ago, and which, through neglect and mismanagement, met with financial disaster. The Boston Transcript's account of this failure goes so far as to assert that "soon after the colony was founded the brainy men ceased to think—the necessity did not exist. There was no spur to ambition, no competition." As the fallacy of this idea that thinking and working depend entirely on the incentive of the struggle for bread and butter, is demonstrated every day in the year, even in the midst of our competitive society, by the fact that all the really fine and beautiful work in literature, art, and science, is done by men, who, like Professor Agassiz, are "too busy to make money,"

it would seem about time to try something new. Any one who has read "Looking Backward," or "Equality," the books in which Edward Bellamy's ideas of an ideal society are clearly set forth, knows perfectly well that he nowhere advocates the establishment of isolated communities or colonies: that everywhere he insists that the new order can only be established by the collective and concerted action of all the people of the nation. All these attempts at colonization should stand or fall on their own merits. To call them "Bellamy" colonies is misleading. They may be coöperative colonies, but they cannot be Bellamy colonies. Bellamy called for the establishment of coöperation, not in small and separate efforts in the midst of a competitive system, but on a national scale, and as a complete substitute for competition in the production and distribution of wealth. All argument, therefore, as to the feasibility of socialism drawn from the failure of these colonies, is unwarranted.

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THE DEATH PENALTY

Public attention is strikingly called to that survival of barbarism, capital punishment, by the case of Mrs. Martha Place, who, having been refused a reprieve by Governor Roosevelt, will be murdered by the State of New York at Sing Sing about the time this issue of *The Arena* goes to press. Hanging, crude and bad in every way as it was, seems almost refined beside the horrors surrounding the execution of criminals in the electric chair. In the case of a woman criminal all these horrors seem to be aggravated. The cold-blooded and deliberate preliminaries of shaving the head, baring the legs, and binding with straps; the unknown chances and possibilities of torture under the current, and the utter abandonment of every sense of delicacy, not to say decency, in the handling of the woman by men, — for no women can be bribed for these grewsome horrors, — all emphasize the demand of our civilization for the abolition of capital punishment. The difference in horror and propriety, and the shock to all that is humanitarian when the victim is a woman, is only a difference of degree. We are

in the habit of looking upon our Spanish-American neighbors as behind us in development, but in most of the Central and South American republics, capital punishment was abolished long ago. Judge Garrison, of New Jersey, in his very suggestive article in this month's Arena, concisely presents the exact legal status of the reform in this country, and quotes stubborn facts to show the failure of the death penalty to effect the one purpose alleged in its justification—that is, to deter men from the commission of murder. Since his article was written, the act of Congress he refers to has become a law, and is being applied by the various Federal courts throughout the country. Bills are now before the Massachusetts and New Jersey legislatures to abolish the death penalty, and the question is being earnestly discussed and considered in several other states. People of advanced ideas, unitarians, universalists, theosophists, spiritualists, and mental scientists, join the quakers in favoring this reform. Of course, like all reforms, it must be brought about in a democratic way, not by force, but by the democratic expression of the popular voice. In Massachusetts, the Anti-Capital Punishment League was recently organized with a distinguished membership, including such leaders of thought as Julia Ward Howe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Vicar General Byrne, Rabbi Fleischer, Professor Morse, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, Mary A. Livermore, Francis T. Morton, Dr. Lewis G. Janes, Robert Treat Paine, Rev. Charles G. Ames, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, and Benjamin Fay Mills, among others.

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GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

The cause of government ownership of railroads and other public monopolies has recently received support from an unexpected quarter. In his recent report, General Longstreet, United States Railroad Commissioner, recommends the government construction and operation of a double track railway from San Diego on the Pacific Coast, to Kansas City or St. Louis, a measure, which he urges, is not only warranted, but demanded by the extension of our

commerce, certain to result from the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, and our probable control of the Philippines. Australia seems to be keeping the lead which it took several years ago in this direction. Among the measures now before the parliament of New South Wales is one for the establishment of national collieries sufficient to supply the requirements of the government service. The experience of the city of Sydney with tramways under city ownership and control has been remarkable, even from the point of view of profits to the city. In 1888 these tramways paid less than two per cent., while in 1898 the net profit was more than five and a half per cent. Official inquiry now under way in New South Wales is directed to establish as far as possible the relations between wages and rents. The result of this inquiry is likely to have an important effect on the demand for increased wages. It is estimated that the average deduction from a laborer's income for rent, amounts to twenty-five per cent. in Australia. The proportion is about the same in this country, and very little reflection will serve to show that this proportion must be regarded as excessive. The balance must be struck, and if it cannot be arrived at by reduction of rents, it must be met by an increase of wages.

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POSSIBILITIES OF AMERICAN- IZATION

The article on the Paulist fathers in this issue of *The Arena* opens up an important view of a certain development that has been going on all about us very quietly during the last twenty years. Attention was called to this development in a book recently published in France, by l'Abbé Maignen, in which he sounded an alarm against what he termed the danger to the Roman Catholic Church, of Father Hecker's methods. This danger was described as the probable "Americanization" of the church, and "Americanization" seems to have a very dreadful sound to the ears of European ecclesiastics. The whole matter has been considered in solemn conclave, the Pope being implored to take a stand against the tendency so newly discovered, and finding it worth while to summon Archbishop Ireland to Rome for

a consultation, and then to issue an encyclical, which bids fair to become historical. I have had occasion in *The Arena* and elsewhere, at various times, to call attention to the process of Americanization as exemplified in its effect upon national characteristics, and in its development of a composite national character, broader, more potent and more universal than that heretofore developed on the planet. Those who have given thought and study to this matter must be struck by the remarkable confirmation of this view, and of the immense possibilities it opens up in the fact now made plain, that not even the most compactly organized institution in human history is proof against this influence in the American atmosphere, spiritual and physical. Those who have traveled in distinctively Catholic countries, like Spain and Italy, or indeed in Mexico and Central and South America, cannot fail to have marked the more than outward differences between catholicism in these countries and catholicism in the United States. The Americanization on which the Abbé Maignen focused his attention is really a very small part of the Americanization which has really taken place in the whole purpose, character, and methods of the Catholic church in this country. Father Hecker's efforts, and those of his followers, undoubtedly mark a beginning of the process, but its larger results will be found in such institutions as the Catholic University at Washington, the Summer Schools at Plattsburg, N. Y., in the east, and at Madison, Wis., in the west, and in the conspicuous part taken in civic matters by men like Archbishop Ireland. If all these things must be gratifying to the American Catholic, they should be still more gratifying to the American non-catholic in their testimony to the broadening influences of American life and institutions. There are still a few who look upon every advance to power of Catholic influence in the councils of the nation, as fraught with danger. This, perhaps, is an inevitable inheritance from the old "Know Nothing" movement. Is it not more likely that in the dreaded "capture of the continent" by Rome, we shall find that "We have surrounded the enemy and he is ours"?

P. T.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

PUERTO RICO

Frederick A. Ober has produced a valuable book, "Puerto Rico and Its Resources" (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 12mo, cloth, 282 pp., \$1.50). The story of the development of this fertile island is well told, and the author describes clearly its geologic and climatic conditions, its vegetable and fruit products, its abundant mineral resources, and the many opportunities for its development made possible by the transfer of government from Spain to the United States. Especially interesting is his account of the people and their customs. The volume contains all that the general reader needs to know about the island, and is especially valuable and trustworthy because of the author's long and intimate acquaintance with it. The book is in some respects a strong argument for colonial expansion, — not where such expansion is opposed to the desires of the natives and is contrary to the principles of our government, but where there is opportunity for the development of trade, and the production in our own territory of commodities which cannot be raised at home, and for which we have formerly paid enormous amounts to other countries. So far as Puerto Rico is concerned, the author finds the acquisition of this island in every way advantageous, both to our own country and to our newly added territory. Mr. Ober's treatise is therefore recommended as a very able presentation of the past and present characteristics, resources, and possibilities of Puerto Rico.

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THE STORY OF THE MIND

"The Story of the Mind," by Prof. J. Mark Baldwin (D. Appleton & Co., New York, 16mo, cloth, 232 pp., 40 cents, illustrated), is a very readable little treatise, in which the author, one of the leading psychologists of the day,

has briefly outlined the entire mental realm, and told the story of consciousness in simple language. The book is an excellent treatise to put into the hands of readers of all grades of intelligence. It is comprehensive, yet suggests throughout the need of looking beyond it to a study not only of the reader's own mind, but to the general literature of psychology. It is therefore well calculated to incite interest in psychology, not merely as a technical study, but as a subject of vital importance in the training of children, in knowledge of self, and in self-help. The book is also thoroughly up to date, and contains a carefully chosen list of books for further reading, a line of study which, if faithfully followed, would lead the reader far afield in search of the rich treasures of science and philosophy.

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**AN
OPTIMIST'S
STORY**

In "Fate or Law," by Warren A. Rodman (Lee and Shepard, Boston, cloth, 218 pp., \$1.00), the New Thought has made a decided advance into the realm of fiction. The style is smooth-flowing; many of the characters really live, instead of being didactic automata; the story progresses according to the laws of evolution instead of leaping at one bound into the new ideas; true love is here, kindly sympathy, genuine appreciation of spiritual things, and a deal of human life, life not as abstract metaphysics would have it, but as nature fashions it out of the common into the beautiful, out of the sordid, the passionate, into the self-sacrificing and the spiritually poised. As one puts the book down, it is with the feeling that the spirit, that love, has triumphed; that in this little society of evolving souls it has wrought a wondrous transformation. To be sure, the literary critic will discover marked defects. At times the author leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination of the reader, but catalogues details with a precision worthy of a scientific treatise. But prose gives way to poetry as the movement becomes more rapid, until finally one forgets all defects in the

heightened interest of the narrative. Its doctrine is rational, and the cures described are wholly credible. In fact, this story suggests possibilities for the New Thought in fiction which might well be thoughtfully considered by other writers; and we trust that the book will have a wide circulation among followers of the new movement.

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**NOTES
OF NEW
BOOKS**

"Red Patriots : The Story of the Seminoles," by C. H. Coe (The Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, cloth, 290 pp., illustrated), is designed to re-awaken the interest of the public in the Seminoles, to show how they have been wronged, and to secure for the remnant of them a peaceful home and death in the land of which they were unjustly deprived.

The last Quarterly Report of the American Statistical Association (Boston) furnishes important recent railroad statistics, classification of causes of death, with birth rates in England and France. (Paper, 150 pp., 50 cents.)

The November, 1898, Bulletin of the New York State Museum contains a remarkably fine series of photographs, illustrating the geological structure of the State of New York. The volume is intended as a guide to the geological collections in the museum, and well illustrates the splendid work possible under government auspices. (State University, Albany, N. Y., paper, 262 pp., 40 cents.)

In "Present Theories of Christ's Resurrection," S. M. Pealer endeavors to show how, by a new way of reckoning time, — a day lasts from one evening to the next evening, — it was possible for Jesus to be buried on Friday, yet rise again on the first day of the week; the present Thursday night was the Friday night of the Bible. (Published by the author, Carthage, Mo., paper, 27 pp., 35 cents.)

"Democracy and Direct Legislation," by A. W. Thomas, is an earnest argument for political and social reform, based on recent laws enacted in Illinois, with special reference to the monopoly of land, railroad, and other monopolies. The

volume contains many facts and arguments of value to all students of socialism, and is illustrated by excellent portraits of leading social reformers. (Home Study Publishing Co., Chicago, paper, 142 pp., 25 cents.)

"A Colorado Wreath" is a dainty booklet of verse by Virginia Donaghé McClurg, of Colorado Springs, and is devoted to the Colorado flowers, among them being the Pike's Peak forget-me-not, "truant, heavenly blue," the anemone,

A flower of love that fair and sweet,
Bloomed at the spot where two ways meet,

the columbine, the state flower, and the kinnikinnick :

Of old, the Indian loved it,
And in his pipe of peace,
Inhaled its pungent fragrance, —
A pledge that war should cease.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand" is an argument for the displacement of capital by socialized industry, by C. W. Wooldridge, M. D. C. H. Kerr & Co., 74 pp., paper, 10 cents.

H. W. D.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Uncle Ike's Ideas," a booklet of fearless reform poems, by George McA. Miller. Chicago, Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 64 pp.; leatherette, 25 cents; paper, 10 cents.

"Poems of Expansion," by John Savary. F. Tennyson Neely, New York, 12mo, cloth, 129 pp.

"The Lost Atlantis, or The Great Deluge of All," by E. N. Beecher. The Brooks Co., Cleveland, O., cloth, 100 pp., \$1.00.

"Waiting for the Signal: A Political Novel," by Henry O. Morris, Schulte Publishing Co., cloth, 497 pp., \$1.00.

"History of State Banking in Maryland," by A. C. Bryan. Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, paper, 50 cents.

"The Success of a Failure," by J. H. Lincoln. Vincent Publishing Co., Omaha.

"The Workingman's Programme," by Ferdinand Lasalle. The International Publishing Co., New York, paper, 62 pp., 10 cents.